

The American LEGION

M O N T H L Y

JANUARY 1931

25 CENTS



Beginning MEMORIES
of M.I.D. by Rupert Hughes



ACROSS HIS DESK flows the news of the world: Ray Baker of International News Service. Telegraph wires . . . cables from foreign countries . . . flash 100,000 words a day to Baker . . . to be quickly judged and edited.

TIRED OUT?

**GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL**



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BEHIND *the* DIARY ENTRY

by
Francis H. Bent

*Illustration by
Kenneth Fuller Camp*

"MARCH 24. Monday. General Pershing reviewed the Division today. Hiked a few kilometers beyond Melay (about 12 kilos from Raincourt). Stood in column from 12 till 6. Pershing reached us at 6. Had a killing hike back."

Terse and rather matter-of-fact, that 1919 entry.

But what a day it represents in my career! Short as it is, that entry in my little French diary is sufficient to bring back, after all these years, in vivid detail the memories of that day.

The Third Battalion of the 112th Heavy Field Artillery was nervously excited. And why not? We had spent eight more or less liquid months in so-called sunny La Belle France.

The first four months had been spent in supplying moral support for the troops in the front lines—situated somewhere in

eastern France—by gaily and recklessly shooting high-explosive shells at the inoffensive scenery of western France—as far west as we could get without wetting our powder in the Atlantic Ocean.

During the four months following the Armistice we had been busily engaged in scattering cracked stone over nearly perfect roads with the fond, if somewhat sadly mistaken, idea that we were improving the highways of the country. The woebegone expression on the face of the particular Frenchman whose regular job it was to care for that special stretch (Continued on page 63)

Our 155's gleamed and glistened like the proverbial Dutch hausfrau's kitchen floor



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

JANUARY, 1935



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THE American Legion Monthly has been receiving many requests for reproductions of its cover paintings in a form suitable for framing. Arrangements have been made to supply them. You may obtain a reproduction of the cover ap-



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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new

"The Cowards Never Started—the Weak Ones Died by the Way"



a frank message TO MEN WHO CAN START . . . AND FINISH

1848 "Gold! Mountains of gold and precious metals . . . land so fertile that it grows four crops a year . . . game so plentiful that hunger is unknown."

Out of the West came these exciting reports. Like sparks on tinder, they fired the desire of men grown restless with peace. Hardened old soldiers oiled their rusty flintlocks. Farmers piled families and ploughshares into Conestoga wagons. Around them rallied young bucks eager to match their mettle against life; daring tradesmen, adventurers, desperate seekers of "another chance." As stout-hearted a band as the world ever saw was soon straggling over the prairies, dreaming of riches.

Yet "hard" as they were, the West was even harder. Of the thousands that started, only a handful pulled through. Behind them was a trail blazed by bones . . . through dark forests where Indian ambushes had brought grim death . . . over waste-lands where starvation had stalked . . . over blistering infernos of desert. Among the survivors there was a saying—brutal, pitiless, but true—"The cowards never started; the weak ones died by the way."

New Calls—to the Old Courage

1929 Times change. Goals change—the glimmering riches of the early West are but a drop in the bucket compared to the fortunes being made in America's business.

Again the call rings out. Eager millions answer it. In humming plants and busy offices they optimistically pursue the success which seemingly comes automatically with years of service.

Then, like the perils which beset the pioneer, the Depression descended. Factories closed. Business dwindled. Millions were discharged. Other millions were forced into working at any price they could get. *Yet a certain few remained so valuable, so indispensable, to their employers that they retained their pay and promotion, and some even won advancement.*

1934 Again times and goals change. But human nature is still the same. Only a few hardy souls ever taste success. The cowards never start—the weaklings fall by the wayside.

On cowards the world wastes no sympathy. Nothing can ever be done for them. Since they dare not enter the race for success, they must

stay behind and take what nobody wants . . . be satisfied, during good times, with drudgery and poorly-paid work; during the bad, with unemployment.

But if you are fighting to get ahead, it is a tragedy—this working yourself to the bone, yet lagging behind in the race . . . all for *lack of business training*. Today, as in pioneer times, a brave heart cannot overcome the handicap of inexperience and poor equipment. Today, moreover, the penalty of ignorance is even costlier! Too many others are after your job! To be safe, you *must* be indispensable.

The Secret of Survival

Thousands of men and women like you, however, have met that challenge. With the help of LaSalle, they have *trained* for the better-paid, specialized positions that were beyond the rank-and-file. When the depression came, they were retained on the pay roll, while the less far-sighted were dropped. Many had the unique distinction of reporting pay raises and promotions. Others now occupy positions which they could not have hoped to attain, if the test of the depression had not brought their competency to the fore.

Needless to say, when business returns to normal those who make progress in this present period are slated for far greater rewards. They are the new executives, the new business leaders, of America's tomorrow.

The little time it takes to prepare for a better position through LaSalle will surprise you—as will its negligible cost. Over a quarter of a century's experience with nearly a million students has helped us develop the fascinating LaSalle Problem Method which phrases both theory and practice in intensive terms of *results*. The training itself, for every vocation, represents what you need most to meet the new problems and new opportunities of post-depression business . . .

Why, then, risk the "wayside fate" of the weakling, when it takes but a postage-stamp to investigate the training that is helping thousands *win success today*? The coupon brings you full information on your chosen line. There's no cost or obligation. If you are sincerely interested in getting ahead, have average education and a real purpose—you will mail it *now*.

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Ask for one of these booklets—or a similar one on your own field of business. They are free.



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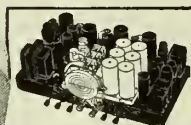
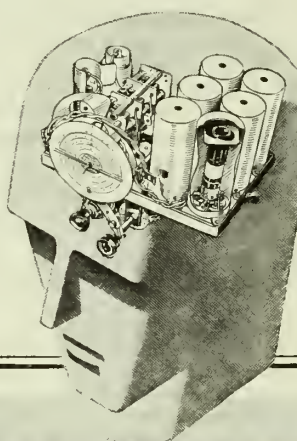
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"MAGIC BRAIN" scoops radio world, every thrill in all-wave easily yours

Yes...the whole world of radio is yours...and only RCA Victor can give you all these services as standard equipment, including the famous "X" band*—all with new tuning ease and accuracy...more stations far and near...Higher Fidelity tone.



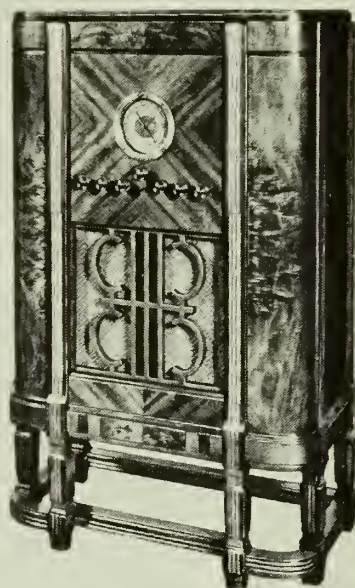
What RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" Does

Inside RCA Victor all-wave sets is an uncanny governing unit—shown here as part of the regular circuit and tubes. Human in its thinking, we compare it to the human brain. You choose the broadcast—'om no matter where in the whole world. Then, watchman-like, it keeps out undesired radio signals. It concentrates on that one and makes it four times stronger. Each tone has higher fidelity...in a quality reception heretofore unequalled.

SNUG in your own living room this winter listen to the world at work and play! Hear stirring events in every land...travel with intrepid explorers...enjoy the opera in Italy, a symphony in South America, a speech from Sydney, Australia!

Today...with this new RCA Victor "Magic Brain" directing and selecting the program you want...all-wave radio has at last reached a climax. This sensational RCA Victor development (which has swept across the radio world like a new comet) makes possible far greater ease of tuning...far greater selection of stations. Clear, clean super-reception results! The kind you've wanted—but never heard!

If you could but hear what the "Magic Brain" does for tone, too! It lifts up, elevates, in magician-fashion each note...from tiniest treble to deepest bass. You'll thrill to the core as each foreign or domestic program sweeps in—utterly true, satisfyingly rich. It's true



EVERY WORLD RADIO DELIGHT YOURS

MODEL 262—5-band "Magic Brain" Superheterodyne. Tone Control, automatic volume control...all short and standard wave broadcasts. De luxe cabinet. **\$149.50**

Higher Fidelity tone...the final result of 35 years of Victor experience in sound recording and reproducing delivered to you! Added to all this is the famous RCA Victor "X" band...a separate wave band bringing you the new government weather service...the reports aviators hear as they fly!

All this achievement is housed in cabinets of rare delight. They are exquisite, modern. Truly it can be said that never has radio reception and radio enjoyment reached so great a height as in the new RCA Victor "Magic Brain" sets. You owe it to your ears, your eyes and your pleasure to own one. Now at your nearest RCA Victor dealer's...at prices you can afford!

A RADIO AND A PRICE FOR EVERYONE! RCA Victor instruments priced from **\$18.75** to \$375.00 including Standard Receivers, Auto Radios, Air-Cell Battery Radios and Radio-Phonographs. All RCA Victor instruments equipped with RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio Tubes. All prices F. O. B. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Any short-wave radio performs better with an RCA World-Wide Antenna.

*The "X" band is in all sets of 8 tubes or more.



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HILDA *of* SUN PRAIRIE

By
Edward M. Barrows

Illustrations by
Forrest C. Crooks

CLUTCHED in her red peasant fist was a loose bag whose stamped leather gaudiness age could not wither nor custom stale. Her name was Hilda Goosens, and she was on her way to Chicago to change it. Tucked within the little bag were her passports to the State of Holy Matrimony. There was a letter of identification from the matrimonial agency which had come into her life via the Swedish farm journal which was her employer's entire library. Folded within this was her receipt for the agency fee, which Hilda had a vague notion might be demanded by the minister or somebody, to prove her right to snare another agency client. Jammed securely in a corner was the bait she had used—\$200 in a grimy roll of fives and tens. Finally, there was the letter of proposal from Oxel Quist, the groom-enmeshed, together with the photograph of a Viking with a mustache like a breaking wave, and biceps that bulged through his mail-order suit.

Across the aisle and slightly behind her, young Harden, a Federal agent who did not like his job, watched Hilda covertly and with appraising scrutiny. A month ago he had been supplied with a law degree and a baccalaureate sermon full of ideals, and turned loose upon a world that did not want him. Discovering at once that even this mild cargo was only a deadweight in a depression, where the main idea was to get something to eat before the other fellow got it first, he had promptly jettisoned the sermon in favor of a shameless political pull, which landed him in the Department of Justice at Washington.

There he had still hoped to realize on the degree, since he did not insist upon the ideals, but to his disgust he was hurriedly assigned to an undercover job that had to do with the white slave traffic—a phase of human endeavor that had never been considered in the classroom, and one in which he was not remotely interested. But this most ancient of trade practices had made one of its sporadic appearances in Chicago the day he reported for duty, so he was pressed into emergency service and shipped westward. For days he had shuttled monotonously back and forth on various trains, an observing but unobserved link in a chain of organized scrutiny by which the Government sought to satisfy a



Her name was Hilda Goosens, and she was on her way to Chicago to change it

reasonable curiosity about the effect of certain advertisements, in several prairie journals, of city positions at fabulous salaries, "no experience required." Lures of this type recently had been followed by the furtive migration of pretty, vacant-minded daughters of the farm, never to be heard of again.

Hilda scarcely would have impressed even so innocent a connoisseur of vice as Harden, had it not been for the evident interest in her of Miss Joy Murphie, who sat directly behind her. Miss Joy was a volunteer worker of the Working Girls Friendly Hands Society. Such organizations always have two kinds of volunteer help—the Doers and the Yearners. Miss Joy was a Yearner. Coming back from a State Conference on Working Girls' Problems, she had observed Hilda staring rigidly from the center of the plush seat, bewildered but in no degree frightened. Miss Joy immediately went into a yearn. Here might be just the type of young girl that needed a Friendly Hand, to guide her through the ruthless city whose pitfalls Miss Joy knew so well—vicariously, of course, through her absorbed reading of reports dealing with these matters. She would speak to Hilda, she decided, and if her intuitions held, would lead her to the Eliza Schweinert Home for Young Women, there to be guarded until she could be placed in the service of some family of vouched-for respectability. At this point she was suddenly aware of Harden's appraising scrutiny of her ward-to-be. Aha, a villain! Here was no gentle guidance, but grim work to do!

An instant later Harden as suddenly realized that a smartly dressed woman was making tentative moves toward acquaintance with this lonely passenger, even as he had been sketchily warned. "They get one of these corn-fed Sapphos coming in alone, an' on the train a prosperous lookin' dame horns in an' offers to show her around. Or else when she gets to the station the party she was to meet doesn't show up, an' a likely lookin' squirt steps in an' takes her over. That's what you've got to watch for."

Harden's boredom over his assignment vanished as he saw himself the hero of a real underworld drama, with secret service badges, scarlet adventuresses and everything. He and Miss Joy looked aslant at each other and girded themselves with the armor of righteousness, while Hilda dug her fingers deeper into the fat sides of the loose bag, all unconscious of the mighty powers of church and nation that were about to collide in disastrous determination to keep her fair name unsullied, and the train whirled all three across the landscape toward the waiting arms of Oxel in Chicago—one compound fraction of its cargo of unknowable human tangles to be unraveled.

At Milwaukee they changed to a Chicago train, Hilda plowing her way determinedly through the trainshed, her protectors hanging doggedly upon her flanks. She joined the procession to the gates and there came to a full stop, torn between her instinct to follow the crowd and an uneasiness at having a barrier between herself and the trains. A red-cap laid an insinuating hand upon her alligator-maché suitcase, and she tore it from him with a brief "You git!" The red-cap gat, with such thunderstruck swiftness that the suitcase dropped and Harden tripped over it. Instructions or no instructions, decency demanded that he gather it up for her, with an apology.

Hilda stared at him wrathfully, not comprehending. A city masher, like you see in the movies, she decided. Not that her soul



She howled lustily, jerked free and plunged

revolted at the idea, for Harden was very presentable and she would not have been at all averse to a little mashing under different circumstances. But she was flustered and the dowry in her purse was a weight on her mind, which moved slowly and on a basis of one fact at a time. So she spoke discouragingly.

"You better lemme 'lone, now." And these were the words Miss Joy heard as she approached.

"My dear, don't you want to come along with me? I'm going to Chicago too," she said with all the sweetness she could muster with her heart in her mouth.

Just then the Chicago train was called. Hilda galloped for the caller, who pointed out her train. Miss Joy turned to Harden with an attempt at austerity, but could only give this debonair seducer a terrified glance, and she too fled for the train. Harden



from the unprepared officer
into the crowd

was already sharing Hilda's seat and talking rapidly. That settled it for Harden. He sat down across the aisle and eyed the two maidens grimly, which settled it for Miss Joy also. At Racine, Harden left the train and sent the code message to Chicago that had been supplied him for just such emergencies. Then he returned and took no further chances on his protege's virtue until the train pulled into Chicago.

Miss Joy meantime had taken effusive advantage of her inside track, but the going was hard indeed. Hilda wanted to look out of the window and wonder what Oxel would turn out to be like. Her fluttery companion bored her, but there seemed nothing she could do but put her hand over Miss Joy's mouth or tell her to pipe down, and she was afraid neither of these things would be polite.

followed, hot on the trail of vice, but when he entered the car Miss Joy

Joy or to outpace her had proven fruitless, and she could find no trace of Oxel's mustache. Finally she dropped her suitcase and rounded on her self-appointed guardian.

"Now vat you vant, huh?" she demanded.

"My dear," gurgled Miss Joy, "wouldn't you like to come with me?"

"Vere to?"

"Oh, to a Home I know of, where you can stay till they find you a nice place."

"No. You lemme 'lone, now, or I ban swing on you."

"But, my dear," began Miss Joy, when she was interrupted. The Federal man suddenly thrust himself between them and turned to Hilda.

"This lady bothering you?"

"Yeah," said Hilda.

"Oh! What a thing to say!" exclaimed Miss Joy. "I was only—"

So she sat in bovine quiescence and speculated about Chicago, only fragments of Miss Joy's conversation mingling now and then into the drift of her thoughts. She gathered vaguely that Chicago was full of men who were watching for her. This was flattering, but she could not see why. Also that the smarty who had tripped over her bag had done it on purpose. A fool thing to do, she decided, that would earn a clump on the head for the next man who tried it. Then there was some talk about a Home. Whose home, Hilda couldn't quite make out, and didn't care to. She wasn't coming to Chicago to work for anyone. By the time the train rumbled over the bridge outside the station Hilda was in an irritable mood, ready to start trouble on her own hook if anyone got fresh with her and didn't leave her be. And this went for the lady beside her, too.

The train groaned to a standstill. Eager crowds jostled Hilda and further upset her placidity. She tore her meagre baggage free from the frenzied grip of two more contending red-caps and ploughed ahead, scanning the throngs for a glimpse of Oxel's billowy mustache. She was determined to give her volunteer escorts what is technically known as the "run-around," and she was gratified to note that already she seemed to have lost the masher with the queer penchant for kicking her suitcase. Had she known the true inwardness of his disappearance she would have been more disturbed. For Harden's telegram had done its work. The great Federal machine for quantity production of virtue was functioning smoothly, and a furtive exchange of signals with a thick-barreled, competent-looking citizen on the platform had completed the embryo detective's work for the time. With painstaking regard to his instructions, he lost himself in the crowd, while the competent one ranged carelessly up beside Miss Joy and her charge.

But this discreet withdrawal at the end of the first round cost Harden a ringside seat for the second round, which opened promptly and with plenty of action. Panting through the hurly-burly in the waiting room a Viking with a mustache like a breaking wave, and muscles that bulged through his mail-order suit, elbowed his way toward what appeared to be a triangular debate that was rapidly attracting an audience. In one of the earnest debaters Oxel thought he recognized the photograph in his inside pocket. If so, his bride-by-mail seemed to have lost her temper.

He was right on both counts. It was Hilda, and she was mad. Attempts to ignore Miss

"Just a minute," broke in the detective, turning again to Hilda. "She a friend o' yours?"

"No," said Hilda.

"Where'd she pick you up?"

"Sir," said Miss Joy indignantly, "what right have you to intrude this way?"

"Right a-plenty, sister," grinned the man. He displayed an engraved metal badge inside his vest, whereat Miss Joy's eyes bulged and she gasped. Again he turned to Hilda. "What did she want of you? Talk up! I won't let her hurt you."

"She wanted me to go with her," answered Hilda, glowering at the speechless Miss Joy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Joy as the double meaning of this charge began to dawn. "Oh!" she said again.

"Shut up!" to Miss Joy. "Where to?" to Hilda.

"I dunno," answered Hilda, whereat the Federal man beckoned to a policeman.

"Now officer," pleaded Miss Joy, the tears springing to her eyes. "I'm only trying to protect this girl—"

"That's what they all say," scoffed the rival protector. He flashed his badge at the uniformed man who had bored his way through the excited, ever-thickening crowd. "Get us out of this, and call the wagon," he ordered. "We can't get nowheres here."

At the awful suggestion of the "wagon" Miss Joy's tears flowed frantically. It was a perfectly horrible mistake, she insisted, which the Schweinert Home would speedily set straight if she could be taken there instead of to that—"that dreadful place."

The Federal man was skeptical, but he hesitated nevertheless. He had received his tip from Harden in unmistakable manner, and the scene which now resulted was to him commonplace and expected. Yet there was a vehemence in Miss Joy's protests that cautioned him to go slow; and besides what would any agent of the Joyous Powers of Darkness want with one of Hilda's ensemble. She wasn't the type. So he pondered in perplexity while the cop kept off the crowd, while Miss Joy wept and besought, and Hilda looked desperately for Oxel. That she was being arrested never penetrated her mind. As for Oxel, he had paused for self-counsel as soon as he saw the policeman. Hilda looked like his picture, but her associates didn't fit. He decided to lay low and watch events.

"You got any friends here?" the Federal man asked Hilda finally.

Hilda shook her head dumbly.

"Haven't, huh? Then why'd you come to Chicago?"

"To meet a feller," was the unconsciously incriminating reply.

"What feller?"

"I dunno."

"Come here to meet a guy you don't know, and this dame picks



Home, and there the harassed government minion divided a trying half hour between thanking Gawd he'd made no pinch, and being half sorry he hadn't. Miss Joy's speckless probity was promptly established, after which the matron joined the outraged social worker in establishing her persecutor as a bungler and a brute of the lowest possible mental order. He had achieved a masterpiece of ineptitude, they insisted, for was not Hilda's unknown seducer still left to prowl the station, while the man who was sworn to protect her amused himself by bullying an innocent woman? In outraged antiphony—one woman taking up the burden when the other paused for breath—they promised charges, investigations and damage suits galore if he didn't at once turn in a general alarm for Hilda and when he found her, bring her straight to their protecting arms.

The worst of it was that the detective knew of possibilities for trouble arising from this incident that these irate women could not understand, and he was not going to put himself further at their mercy by trying to explain, when by surrendering he could placate them instead. Any publicity over this abortive skirmish could make trouble for a whole carefully planned campaign, and especially for the hapless unit that had brought public notice upon it. He therefore turned to the telephone and in their presence put the police on the *qui vive* for Hilda.

But Miss Joy was still mistrustful. She decided to return to the railroad waiting-room and mount guard herself, which useless procedure the Federal investigator was careful not to oppose, as it offered him an adroit way out. Leaving the two women mollified to this extent, he regained his waiting taxi and bade it hurry to the DesPlaines Street police station to retrieve Hilda. His secret intention was to return her to the railroad station. There she would be bait for this supposititious boy-friend of hers if he were still hanging around. If he were not, Miss Joy would be there to take her off his hands and safely close the incident. Either way he looked forward to burning speech with the undercover sap who had steered him into this mess.

A block from his destination he suddenly halted his cab, feeling



Oxel Quist, bridegroom-to-be

you up on the train!" He turned decisively to the policeman. "An' I got a straight tip on these two from one of our own men. Well, you have her held at DesPlaines Street for me while I look into this other story. I'm Conlon of the Department of Justice. Now, madam, I'll give you a chance to straighten yourself out. Take me to the place you say they know you."

A taxicab took them three tearful miles to the Schweinert



**The sergeant leaned dizzily over his high desk
and shook his fist under the federal man's nose**

that Lady Luck was by his side again at last, for here was Hilda, elbowing her way along the crowded sidewalk, apparently headed for the railroad station once more!

What the detective profession needs is a good five-cent television that will let its members observe developments in one aspect of a case while they are working on another. Thus equipped, Investigator Conlon would not have been so certain of his luck in encountering Hilda. For developments had been coming her way thick and fast. Cowed and bewildered, her small stock of English frightened out of her for the time, she had been taken to a grimy police station, where a desk sergeant loomed terrifyingly from a tall desk before her.

"Safe keeping. Federal dick wants to talk to her," announced her escort briefly. The sergeant had no objections and indicated as much with a grunt, but Hilda recovered what she supposed was her English, and in the same instant lost her nerve. She burst into torrential tears and poured out a sob-shaken plea for freedom to go back in search of Oxel.

The sergeant had dealt with human nature in the raw for over twenty years, and besides was human himself. He quickly sensed that Hilda probably was here by mistake, and some unforgettable experiences had convinced him that the sooner such mistakes were quieted down, the better it was for all concerned. With deft patience and good humor he pried from Hilda an account of all that had happened since she had first decided for a career of matrimony, and soon was able to form for himself a good working idea of what actually had happened. Hilda produced Oxel's letter, and even her tears could not conceal her pride in the mustache. She explained about the rendezvous, and her sobs welled afresh as she thought of Oxel, waiting in vain and finally giving her up. The sergeant was not only convinced, but touched.

"Them Federal dicks got in front of theirselves this time," he explained to the policeman, "an' the best we can do is to cover 'em up. Get a taxi for her, Joe, an' I'll take care o' that dick when he shows up. This girl's O. K., but if I send her back to the deepo with a cop, that farmer'll think she's a tart and shy away from her."

So ten minutes later, Hilda was quieting her convulsive sobs and scrubbing the tears from her face while the taxi conveyed her, bag and baggage, to her belated tryst.

That tryst had become hard to locate, for the assorted human burdens of a dozen or more trains were now filtering through the vast waiting room, making the whole place stranger and more lonesome than ever to Hilda's country eyes. She watched the crowds with wistful hope for awhile, and then decided to find her way back to the trainshed gate through which she had first come.

But there were many gates, all were crowded, and all looked alike. She wandered forlornly from one to the other until it seemed inevitable that she should draw the attention of anyone really anxious to find her.

And the inevitable happened three times. Oxel had not given up hope either. His patient gaze finally rested on Hilda, and this time he felt positive of her description. So also did a patrolman who had been furnished with the Federal man's telephoned description of Hilda, and instructed to send her in to await the United States Government's pleasure. And so also did Harden, who was still awaiting the return of his confrere, and at sight of Hilda not unnaturally concluded that something had gone wrong with his first case.

All three of them started for Hilda at the same time, but Hilda sighted Harden first. She recognized him as the masher against whom she had been vaguely warned. She stopped short and protected her suitcase with an ample knee while she awaited his coming with bellicose mien, just as Oxel burst through the crowd from the other side. Harden stared at Oxel. Oxel glowered at Harden.

"G'wan now, you masher!" shouted Hilda, still guarding her suitcase and hence overlooking Oxel. Oxel knew his Chicago and the word "masher" supplied him with (Continued on page 40)

MEMORIES of M.I.D. *by* Rupert Hughes

NEARLY everybody has heard of Napoleon, and many are familiar with the names of some of his marshals; but few, even among the scholars in Napoleoniana, can boast that they have ever heard of Bacler d'Albe. The name itself sounds impossible.

Yet, if you had been permitted to look in on Napoleon when he was making his final decisions before almost any of his great battles, you would probably have found him sprawled on his belly on a floor carpeted with huge maps; and alongside him would be lying Bacler d'Albe, explaining the maps to Napoleon while he added such information as he had accumulated concerning the enemy's positions, strength and probable intentions. For Colonel Bacler d'Albe was the nearest thing to a Military Intelligence service that Napoleon had. Yet he is one of the unknown men of his time.

So you might be able to toss off the names of fifty important American officers in the World War, including that of the shavetail who was important only to you—and himself. Yet if you were asked what you thought of the enormously important, the vitally important work of Colonel Van Deman, you would probably burble:

"Colonel Van Who?"

He was always and always will be colonel to the few who knew and loved him, though he rose from second lieutenant to retirement as major general—if "retirement" is the word for one who is still so busy with the country's needs.

The important thing about Colonel Ralph Van Deman is that, for a long time, like Bacler d'Albe, he was the Military Intelligence Service of his country. He was it and all of it till we had been in the war for nearly two months. Then he became the daddy, the granddaddy of it all, and having created American Military Intelligence, he fairly spawned Intelligence officers.

The United States has always been famous, or infamous, for unpreparedness. It has been saved from complete defeat only by its vast size and its isolation, yet these have not saved it from terrible losses and very serious dangers.

We have often been told how we entered the World War so unprepared that, in spite of two years' warning, it took us a year to get any men to send over, and the war ended before we had airplanes, machine guns or other equipment in quantity.

It is not generally known that we had been in the war for two months before we even began to organize Military Intelligence. The story is worth telling for the sake of the record and for the

sake of the glory of a man whose name is altogether too obscure, one whose devoted foresight led him to prepare himself even when he was the only man in the nation in his line. He is too modest to tell his own story. He is so much in the habit of seeking the shadow that he will never hunt the limelight, and he will never write his memoirs, though they would be intensely fascinating and packed with drama.

Ralph Henry Van Deman was born in Delaware, Ohio. He went to Ohio Wesleyan University for three years, then to Harvard, where he took a bachelor's degree in 1888. He had decided



*Illustration by
Herbert M. Stoops*

The three Polish editors who were conducting a vicious campaign against Paderewski made a strange group in that office



to become a physician and studied two years at the Miami Medical School in Cincinnati. Then he secured a commission in the Army as second lieutenant and served for a year, but decided that there was no chance of an appointment in the line and, securing six months leave of absence, went back to Miami, where he completed his course, for the characteristic reason that he wanted to finish something he had begun. Having secured his M. D. in 1893 he returned to the Army and went to the infantry and cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth, graduating there in 1895.

He took part in the Spanish-American War and served in the Philippines. Here he organized the Philippine Military Information Division and served in it for two years. He went to China on confidential work in 1906 and again in 1911. It was out there

that the idea and practice of Military Intelligence had been forced on our troops, and the memory of it stuck in his brain.

Earlier than that, the sublimity of our national ignorance had been suspected in 1885 when Cleveland's Secretary of War, William C. Endicott, asked the Adjutant General for certain information concerning the armed forces of a foreign nation. The Adjutant General had not the faintest notion of the facts desired. But he agreed that it would be well to collect such material and he organized what he called the Division of Military Information. It consisted of one officer and one clerk, but it grew to a group of eight or ten officers and fifteen or twenty clerks.

They collected maps, statistics, photographs, and a military library, and they had a photograph gallery in which two photographers copied and enlarged maps and compiled plans and other things of military value. In 1889 the military attaché system was created.

In 1903 there was a great revolution in the organization of the General Staff. It took over from the Adjutant General this work of the Division of Military Information, entrusted it to the Second (Military Information) Division, General Staff, and gave it a whole floor in the old Lemon Building. The construction of the Army War College was begun this same year but, until its completion five years later, the War College Division was housed in a private residence. Here Ralph Van Deman was detailed for military studies in 1905 and he found frequent occasion to consult the library of the Military Information Division. For three years he had charge of the General Staff Map Section.

When the War College Building was finished, the M. I. D. was moved over there as a separate unit. But the President of the Army War College urged that G-2 ought to be consolidated with G-3, which was the War College Division. The Chief of M. I. D. opposed this merger, but was overruled, and the files, maps, books, clerks and all were combined with the War College collection while the information work was assigned to an Information Committee, whose chairman was the War College president. But he had no special interest in the subject and the members of the committee were kept so busy with other duties that, by 1910, the promising beginnings of Military Information had practically ended in oblivion. Even the valuable reports poured in by military attachés were merely dumped into the files without study or indexing.

At this hour of doom Van Deman was detailed to the General Staff for the second time and assigned to the War College Division. He was the only one there who had any training in Military Intelligence, and he was shocked at the state of affairs. He persuaded the President of the War College to let him write a memorandum to the Chief of Staff asking for a revival of the Information activity.

But no attention was paid to the request. Two other memoranda met the same fate.

During the two gigantic years of the World War in Europe, absolutely nobody in America was keeping track of the momentous changes in Europe and the complete revolutions in warfare. We had military observers in Europe and they sent back reports and our military attachés were in every country, but this volumi-



Major General Ralph H. Van Deman, U.S.A., retired, who as a major fought Army red tape, to urge re-establishment of the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff. Two months after we entered the war Secretary Baker authorized the action and Van Deman was placed in command

nous material was simply tumbled into the ashcans of the War College files with not even a pretense of study or evaluation. Incredible, but true!

Eventually we were sucked into the whirlpool. Still no attention was paid to Military Information. France and Great Britain sent over commissions to confer with us. These commissions included well-trained Intelligence officers. But there was nobody to receive these men or take advantage of their experience. Nobody could talk their language except Major Van Deman. The foreign officers urged on him what he had long known all too well, that we could not possibly hope to conduct a war in Europe without a Military Intelligence Service. He began writing new memoranda to the Chief of Staff. But the Chief was not at all interested.

Van Deman went to him personally and begged him to do something. The only result was

President Wilson coming from the Capitol after delivering his famous address asking Congress to declare war on Germany, on April 2, 1917. Four days later came the President's proclamation formally putting us into the war



The Army uses the wigwag atop the dome of the Capitol, as a war-time recruiting stunt

that the Chief was finally annoyed by his persistence and bluntly ordered him never to mention the subject again. What is more, he warned Van Deman not to mention the subject to the Secretary of War.

At last Van Deman grew desperate and resorted to conspiracy for the sake of his country. By devious ways he managed to get word to the Secretary of War that there was something on his mind which the Secretary ought to hear about, but could only hear about if he ordered Major Van Deman to disobey his immediate superior and disclose his great secret.

Secretary Baker assented and Major Van Deman called. The Secretary listened to him for an hour and then, on May 3, 1917, issued an order instructing the President of the War College to organize a section to be known as the Military Intelligence Section of the War College Division and to put an officer of the War College Division in charge of it. As Major Van Deman was the only officer there who had an inkling of Military Intelligence, he was reluctantly designated.

Even the staunchest believer in a strong Regular Army and a powerful General Staff has to admit the necessity for an occasional interference by civilian common sense. There seems to be something paralyzing in the effect of a long peace on the mentality of the average Regular Army officer. There have been brilliant exceptions, of course, but at the outbreak of practically every war the first enemy any nation has to conquer is the group of men at the top of its military establishment. It may be the deadliness of the routine, the slowness of promotion, or the fatal habit of high authority. In any case regular armies tend to die at the top. The leaders grow Bourbon; they neither learn anything nor forget anything.

The only thing that saved us in this particular crisis was the fact that there were idiots on the other side, too. When a German genius proposed a gas attack, his superiors begrudged him only a small supply and permitted him to try his experiment in only one narrow sector. Consequently his dazzling success could not be followed up until the enemy were prepared for it. The English genius who devised the tank was similarly suppressed and limited so that the amazing appearance of the first monsters was hardly more than a flash in the pan. I could tell the story of an American invention that might have saved us a whole year of warfare and European millions of lives if it had not been so smothered by our own red tapeworms that it never did come into use. But that is a bird of another feather. The subject of this sermon is Military Intelligence.

We declared war the first week in April, 1917. It was the last



It was after several months' service in the A. E. F. that Brigadier General Marlborough Churchill was called to Washington as head of the M.I.D. in June, 1918, succeeding General, then Colonel, Van Deman, who had been ordered to France

week in May before Van Deman was enabled to realize his ancient dream. Luckily an old friend and crony of his in Intelligence work during the Philippine and Chinese campaigns happened to report for duty in the War College just at this time. This was Captain A. B. Cox, and he was assigned to work with Major Van Deman. They secured also the service of the retired Major George F. Ahearn, and they were permitted to extract two civilian clerks from the War College pool.

On May 15, 1917, Major Van Deman was promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy, and on August 5th was made a "temporary" colonel.

Military Intelligence began as a section, grew to a branch and was expanded to a division. I served in it as M. I. S., M. I. B., and M. I. D. Colonel Van Deman had entire charge of it during its early growth. Soon after it was designated the Military Intelligence Branch of the Executive Division, General Staff, it had grown too populous for the War College. It took over the Monroe Courts Building on 15th and M Streets.

It went on growing till, at demobilization, the Washington office alone had 267 officers and 1050 clerks, besides branch offices with large staffs in many of the principal cities and a general control of thousands of officers and civilians. It kept close contact also with the Naval Intelligence and with the A. E. F. Intelligence force overseas, which had been from the first in charge of Brigadier General Dennis Edward Nolan, whom Pershing took across with him.

Suddenly, in June 1918, we M. I. B. men were startled to learn that Colonel Van Deman was to be sent to France and replaced by Lieutenant Colonel Marlborough Churchill. The disconsolate officers of M. I. B. gave Colonel Van Deman a farewell banquet. On me was foisted the job of toastmaster. I was a captain at the time and felt very mousy with Colonel Van Deman as the (Continued on page 37)

That Boy



Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of California, National Commander of The American Legion. Below, the National Commander early in his war service, when he was a buck in Battery A, 144th F. A., under the command of Captain Peter B. Kyne

AT LAST I am being recognized; at last that boy, Belgrano, has indicated sufficient affection for his old battery commander, and sufficient respect for the latter's achievements, to suggest to the editor of The American Legion Monthly that, since somebody must write a piece about the incoming National Commander, he prefers that I should be given that detail.

This proves what I have suspected for the last seventeen years, i. e., that the National Commander is a smart feller and very tactful. He couldn't get a better job done by anybody else, and if he tried he'd get into very deep water close to the shore. Of course, it wouldn't matter much to him what I might think of such treachery, but he could not survive his wife's condemnation. She never forgets that I was her captain, too, in the Great War. The boy, Belgrano, was courting her while we were in training at Camp Kearney, California, and, of course, he knew he was going to run up to

Los Angeles every week-end to visit her, even if he had to go A.W.O.L.—and he didn't want to do that. At the time, he was convinced I had a heart of stone, so in order that there should be no muzzle bursts, he decided to melt my heart. And even now, when I recall the low cunning of his *modus operandi* I am lost in admiration. He brought the young lady and her mother over to my tent one Saturday morning, and begged leave to present his fiancée. I had a good notion to glare at him and ask if he had the first sergeant's permission to speak to the battery commander—and I'd have done it too, just to be devilish, if he'd forgotten that rigid rule to present anybody but the lovely young lady to whom he so gravely laid claim. Following one look at her, I made up my mind that no military duty should ever intrude to mar her happiness over the week-end. Hence, every Saturday morning following inspection, when the Top, who was an old regular army ruffian and didn't believe in coddling soldiers, would say to me rather severely, "Sir, that boy, Belgrano, wants another week-end pass to Los Angeles; I wonder who the hell he thinks he is?" I would answer "Sergeant, the soldier is in love and I approve. Make out a pass for him."

And now that boy, Belgrano, is National Commander of The American Legion, and I can shine a bit in his reflected glory and say: "Well, what more could you expect? I raised him from a pup."

There is an old saying that as the twig is bent so grows the tree, and that the boy is but the prelude to the man. But what sort of man? Well, in the case of that boy, Belgrano, the sort of man his father was. And, of course, when he had the sense to marry a girl like the girl that married dear old dad, he was headed up grade immediately. I would like to be able to say that I got behind and pushed, but the fact is my job was finished the day I made him a sergeant and permitted him his first taste of the

mild juice of authority and leadership. Now look at him!

In appraising any man and contemplating the reasons why he acts that way, one must start with his parents. The father of Frank N. Belgrano was born in Sassari, Island of Sardinia, in 1853. His mother was born in Hornitos, California, of pioneer stock. Belgrano, senior, was a man of somewhat less than middle height, with somewhat thin, shrewd features and very kindly eyes. He came of a good family in Sardinia. In 1876 his aunt made him a present of a trip to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, which was Italy's loss and our gain, because the father of our National Commander, although he did not speak one word of English and had not a single friend in the United States, decided that there



was room for expansion here; a man could have a chance. He had already completed his compulsory tour of service in the Italian army, so he was rarin' to go. The Epic Plan of Mr. Upton Sinclair was then fifty-eight years in the dim and distant Not Yet, so the young man came to California.

BELGRANO

By Peter B. Kyne

The life story of this man is Horatio Alger-esque. Hard labor at anything for a pittance, long hours, no apparent objective in sight. But this cheerful, charming and highly intelligent immigrant was blissfully unaware of any handicaps. He didn't care two hoots in Hades how he got his money, provided only that he got it honorably. He made a little and saved a little less; he never had time to feel sorry for himself; he was too busy to take time out to pray the Lord to send down knives and pistols and daggers on the boss's head. In the beginning he had very little money and no business or professional training. He had

dollars a month and finally, after attaining one hundred and twenty-five a month and learning to read, write and speak English better than ninety percent of his adopted fellow countrymen, he became a capitalist because he had saved forty dollars a month.

In San Francisco in 1883 one Fugazi organized the Columbus Savings and Loan Society, the first Italian bank on the Pacific Coast, and Belgrano, senior, became its secretary. When Fugazi founded the Banca Popolare Fugazi in 1906, Belgrano, senior, became cashier and vice-president. In 1916 he became president and in August, 1917, he awakened one morning to discover that his only son, Frankie, was a soldier in the 144th Field Artillery (2d Field Artillery, California National Guard). I commanded Battery A of that regiment and I would like to think that our National Commander enlisted in A Battery for that reason, but



"Their arms about me entwine" for Children's Hour in the Belgrano household, the twins forming the outposts, Margaret at the left, Evelyn at right and baby Carla joining mother in the hearty laughter

studied English in Italy, but the professor who taught him had learned his English out of an Anglo-Italian dictionary and pronounced English words as though they were new words in Italian. The result was that while Belgrano, senior, had a theoretical knowledge of English, when he tried to speak it people thought him a recent arrival from Mars. He was so pathetically helpless that a fellow countryman offered to advance him the price of a ticket to Sardinia, where at least he could ask for something to eat and be understood. This unworthy offer was rejected in favor of a job at twenty dollars a month, carrying sacks of this and that from here to there. After several years he was making sixty

I fear he hadn't any ideas on the subject and didn't care where he landed, provided he got there in uniform. He was twenty-two years old then (he was born in San Francisco on May 18, 1895) and was already striving for that air of gravity that is such a distinctive trait in men destined from birth to sit behind a big mahogany desk and say "No." Indeed, while he was still in high school in Oakland, California, he had become an apprentice in local banks, doing work in them after school hours.

After graduating from high school our National Commander had been wise enough not to waste four precious years of his youth striving to accumulate a modern (Continued on page 54)

1934: MIAMI—

AFTER the Palm Trees of Florida, the Legion Looks Forward to Next Fall's Homecoming Pilgrimage to Its American Birthplace

By
Philip Von Blon
Cartoons by Wallgren

ON A stage which was the giant peninsula of Florida, in the spotlight of a tropical sun and against a backdrop of ocean, The American Legion enacted in last October the drama and pageantry of its 1934 national convention. The settings were the proud hotels and palm-tree-lined boulevards of the metropolis of Miami, miles of white beaches and a gleaming bay, the mysterious reaches—half-swamp, half-jungle—of the Everglades. The actors were forty thousand Legionnaires and Auxiliaries who had come to Miami after long train, motor, steamship and airplane journeys, during which they surveyed the other show cities of Florida and explored the intervening regions in a land which was strange to them.

Miami joins in history The American Legion's fifteen earlier national convention cities, and points the way to St. Louis, where scarcely nine months hence the hosts of the Legion will gather once more in one of those mighty conclaves which are possible only in the Middle West, close to the center of national and Legion

population. St. Louis—where The American Legion was born.

Miami will live in the Legion's memory as a travel epic, as the unfolding of the many mysteries of America's sub-tropical frontier, as the city in which the Legion celebrated the success of its Four Point Program for the disabled service man, as the city in which Edward A. Hayes of Illinois handed the badge and banner of National Commander to Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of California, elected unanimously after other candidates withdrew.

As National Commander Belgrano started for Indianapolis to set in motion the machinery of the Legion to accomplish the tasks the convention had set—tasks which demand every resource of membership and energy—he had in his mind the vision of next autumn's national convention. There the roll of accomplishment will be called again.

Even as the conventionnaires were homeward bound from Miami, there was being laid in St. Louis the groundwork for the greatest of all Legion national conventions. All the portents point to just that. It will be the convention of The American Legion returning after sixteen years to its American birthplace, just as



Tropical helmets and sun glasses—the convention opens in Bay Front Park

ST. LOUIS 1935



© FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEY

St. Louis! The Legion returns next fall for its 17th national convention. The Caucus of 1919 was held in a theater at the right of the big, white building in upper left corner of the photograph

it returned in 1927 to Paris where it was conceived. The spirit of the St. Louis Caucus of 1919 is being regenerated, to spread through the whole American Legion, to give to this 1935 convention the impelling character of a vast homecoming pilgrimage.

In the December issue, the Monthly told in highlight fashion of the Miami convention's more important actions, including its recommendation for the immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates in full and without deduction of interest on borrowed sums, the mandate for the enactment of a universal service act, the directions for energetic campaigns in Americanism, national defense, child welfare and community betterment, the setting of other objectives almost equally important.



In the present article, the Monthly will review the record in more ample detail, so that every Legionnaire may know plainly just what the Legion will do this year. But before we get down to the important job of quoting from the pages and pages of resolutions, there must be recaptured something of the mood and significance of the Miami convention and more of its stage settings, for these too belong to history. How the forty thousand came to Miami, what they saw in the coming, what they did when they got there—these things also deserve to be told.

In the third week of October, while every hilltop in New England was blazing in its Joseph's coat of many colors, an unseasonable blizzard dropped a foot of snow on the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Berkshires of Massachusetts, converted the pine-covered State of Maine into a panorama of white Christmas.

While the snowflakes swirled from Penobscot to the Piscataqua, in that

"California,
Here I Come!"
Far from home,
a mighty host.
And with
massed colors,
bands and drum
corps playing,
the panoply of
back-home
pride, all the
other States
marched down
Biscayne Boule-
vard from noon
until the glow
of sunset



paradise of New England's summers, 100 Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Portland Post and its Auxiliary unit went to sleep in Pullmans of the Boston and Maine, lulled by the pounding of the steam pipes as they got nearer, mile by mile, to the winter Garden of Eden which is the State of Florida.

Sixty-five little boys and girls of Portland Post's junior drum corps, snuggling in their Pullman berths, tried to imagine what a coconut tree would look like outside a schoolbook, wondered whether they would play "Onward Christian Soldiers" or Maine's "Stein Song" next Tuesday while passing the reviewing stand at Miami.

At the same time, other Legionnaires from the Pine Tree State backed out of their garages in Saint David and Calais, farthest north, on the border of New Brunswick, took a final look at their

As Maine went, so went the country.

Autumn was gorgeous in Oregon when Dad Jowett, the hermit of Jackass Mountain, set out upon his annual American Legion pilgrimage. Dad Jowett came to Florida just 421 years after Juan Ponce de Leon. With his white hair showing beneath his Legion cap, he arrived on the first wave of convention Legionnaires. But he was no Ponce de Leon seeking a fountain of youth. The Indians who fired the hopes and avarice of Ponce de Leon twenty years after Columbus discovered America wouldn't have fooled the wise old man of the Oregon mountains. Dad simply knew his Legion conventions.

Just the same—Ponce de Leon or no Ponce de Leon—it was a bit comforting to find that Florida was a prospectus come true. The palm trees, the hibiscus, the mid-summer languor of the ocean air, the vista of beach and bay—all these rejoiced the pilgrim from Oregon. Then, too, the bathing girls! The folks back home in Oregon may gaze upon Dad Jowett's convention happiness, immortalized in a newspaper photograph—Dad Jowett with a dazzling beach maid upon each knee. It was the newspaper photographer's idea, of course.

Headline in the Miami Herald:

12 KILLED AS GALE LASHES NORTHWEST

Legionnaire James Montreal Gordon didn't come to Miami by train or automobile or airplane, as 40,000 other Legionnaires did. He came all the way from the Apostle Islands of Lake Superior, at the upper edge of Wisconsin, in a canoe. And he came in the traveling costume of his Chippewa ancestors who had learned to go places and see things in America centuries ago. Every inch of the way by paddle-power, the full-blooded Chippewa Legionnaire traveled—down the Mississippi, down Florida's west coast and to Miami by way of river and canal. In his fur headdress and his tribal costume of skins, he walked with dignity through the lobby of the McAllister, the convention headquarters hotel, talked in the pleasing accent of a Carlisle graduate with brother Legionnaires of Bayfield (Wisconsin) Post.

Distinguished, he was, in his tribal costume, and you knew he must be that also in his street clothes back home. He is service officer of his post and was its Commander eight years. He was gassed while fighting in France. Now he is 48, but he doesn't look



tires and the luggage on the rear bumper, headed the family automobile southward on one of America's longest Main Streets. They set forth on the Atlantic Highway, U. S. Road No. 1, which follows the Atlantic coast for more than 2,000 miles and ends at Miami. There it fraternizes with the Glacier Trail, whose starting place is Seattle, Washington; the Dixie Highway, which winds all the way from Sault Ste. Marie at the northern tip of Michigan, other highways which start up north and end on the shores of Biscayne Bay.

As the parade passed the reviewing stand. Left to right: Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., President of The American Legion Auxiliary; Legionnaire David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, and Mrs. Edward A. Hayes, wife of the National Commander



it, and he says he doesn't feel it. He is the father of nine children.

He too came on the first wave of convention Legionnaires—symbol of a Legion that is all-inclusive, all-extensive cross section of America, new, old and America to be.

From Maine and Oregon and Wisconsin they came, and from every State, as in other years they have come to other Legion national conventions. The coming of each one of them was almost an Odyssey in itself. They came in the fourth year of a depression, on the eve of countrywide important elections, in a year which followed the great Legion gathering at Chicago.

Headline in the Miami Daily News:

NORTH SHIVERS IN COLD SNAP

Miami was more than a national convention of The American Legion. It was the answer to a question stamped upon the consciousness of the American people. Legionnaires like other citizens had been wondering just how much of the miracle of Florida was actuality and how much was myth. They had accepted the stereotype that the peninsula of Florida has become

Florida, just as San Francisco stands for the glory of the '49er.

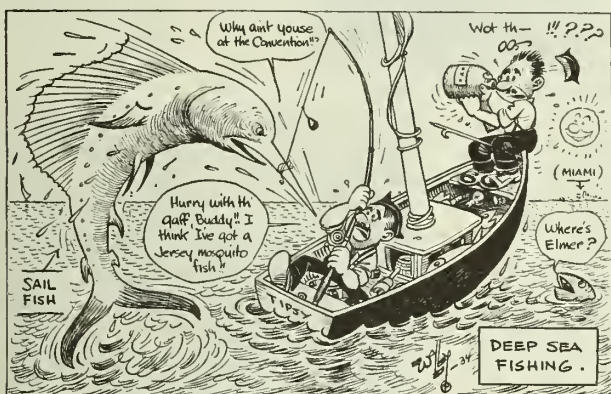
He saw it all as a dreamland under a tropical sun, shaded by gorgeous drifting clouds, tempered by the brisk trade winds. He saw the beaches of white sand, miles and miles of them, fringed with coconut palms. And everywhere flowers—orange flowers and the hibiscus and a profusion of exotic shrubbery.

When he looked at the map, as he invariably did before starting for this American isle of the blest, he saw things which fired his imagination even more than the tales of Florida's pioneers from his home town. Lake Okechobee and the Everglades. The string of little islands—the Florida keys—that, like stepping stones, connect the mainland with Key West, stopping point on the way to Havana. He remembered the Dry Tortugas, haunt of real and legendary pirates. He recalled that not far away was the old Spanish Main on which three hundred years ago Spanish galleons sailed Europeward loaded with Indian gold, fought bloody battles with the English and the buccaneers.

He saw this peninsula as a friendly hand extended to Cuba and South America, recalled that it has become now the country's natural southern aerial gateway. He had heard of the giant clipper ships of Pan American Airways, with their many motors and gleaming cabins, in which the tourist could fly to Havana in two hours or go on to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires.

Every Florida-bound pilgrim was curious to see what lay ahead of him.

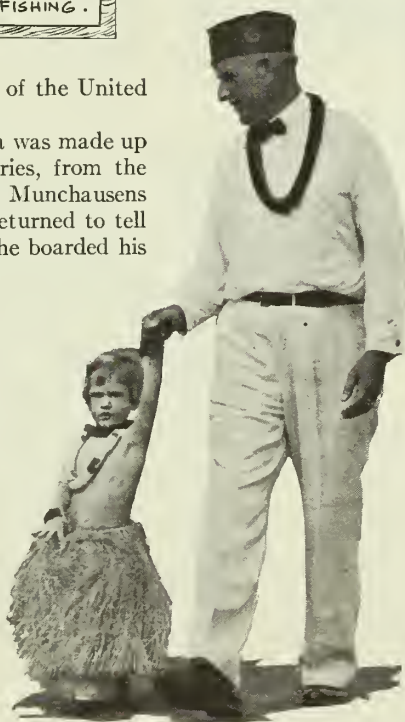
What was Florida like now, eight years after the boom, the pilgrims of Indiana asked themselves. Back in 1925 and 1926 the "for sale" and "for rent" signs were thick upon the houses of every Hoosier city, as Indianans flocked to Miami and the other new Florida metropolises. In Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, everywhere in the Middle West, those who had resisted the lure of Florida in bonanza period, speculated on what had come of it all. The Middle West had contributed most to Florida's growth during the years when the State seemed full of El Dorados and the rain-



Nice and Monte Carlo on a big scale to the rest of the United States. What more?

The average Legionnaire's conception of Florida was made up of impressions accumulated from newspaper stories, from the tales of his home town's Marco Polos and Baron Munchausens who had sojourned in the tropical paradise and returned to tell of its wonders. The average Legionnaire before he boarded his train or climbed into his automobile in Illinois or Pennsylvania or South Dakota had before him a vision which was something like this:

He saw a State shaped like the tongue of an old-fashioned shoe, pendant upon the Atlantic seaboard, its eastern shore lapped by the warm waters of the gulf stream, its western shore caressed by the warmer waters of the Gulf of Mexico. He saw that flat and low-lying peninsula as a stage upon which enterprising Americans have erected against the settings which Nature placed there in thousands of years, a constellation of dream cities—Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Daytona Beach, Palm Beach, Hollywood, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Ft. Myers, Clearwater, a dozen others—and the magic city of Miami. Miami had come to represent the quintessence of the glamor which is



Hawaii, of course. Roberta Clarke, two, was cheered by the crowds all along the parade route



Milo J. Warner, Ohio



Quimby Melton, Georgia



Daniel J. Doherty, Massachusetts

bow dipped from St. Augustine to Pensacola.

Many of the Middle Westerners had stayed on in Florida when the tide ran out; many had returned to native cities and towns; all had agreed in telling those who "never had gone" that the destiny of Florida was certain, that sooner or later the temporary setback from over-extended optimism would be replaced by a new and steadier de-



John Kennelly, North Dakota



Harold J. Warner, Oregon

best musical outfits took part. Trainload after trainload stopped at Atlanta, en route to and returning from Miami. So also in Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia, in cities all along the southern railways. The special trains from New York stopped overnight in Charleston on their way home, while the New York Legionnaires were guests at a grand ball where Charleston Legionnaires with courtly manners and true



John D. Crowley, of Massachusetts, Chef de Chemin de Fer, Forty and Eight

Above, the five National Vice Commanders for 1935, each representing a section of the nation

velopment which would bring to Florida permanent greatness.

This curiosity and interest lent to The American Legion's national convention in Miami that something which every American Legion convention has to distinguish it from every other convention that has gone before. Florida was still "unknown land" to most of those

southern hospitality demonstrated that their city has preserved more than the architecture of its old mansions.

Back home again in New York, the Legionnaires who traveled by train were to exchange experiences with the 500 New Yorkers who went to Miami and back on the liner *Shawnee*, commanded by Captain C. W.

Devereaux of New York City's Navy Post. Cape Hatteras proved as rough as its reputation, going and returning, and many of the pilgrims who never had navigated more than a mill-pond were seasick on much of the voyage. High spot of the ocean trip perhaps was the masquerade ball on the last night out when Past Department Commanders Ed Neary, G. W. Lawrence, Robert Minnich, and Mose Hubbard, dressed as country boys, with tiny bow ties, pancake hats, high trousers and white socks, sang in chorus: "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied." New Jersey also traveled by boat. So did Pennsylvania.

Atlanta, Georgia, entertained the traveling Legion in fine style, met the Legionnaires at their trains, escorted them on sight-seeing trips, gave a drum corps contest in which many of the Legion's



Rev. Dr. Park W. Huntington, of Delaware, National Chaplain

THE LEGION SAYS HAIL AND FAREWELL

Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., elected National Commander by acclamation, stands with Edward A. Hayes, retiring National Commander, as the delegates of all the States parade to the stage carrying state standards

Every Florida city and town sat up waiting for the Miami-bound conventionnaires, gave a second welcoming to the pilgrims when they were homeward bound. Jacksonville gave free tours of the city and served orange juice. St. Augustine held open house day and night for the special train passengers and motorists. West Palm Beach gave away 15,000 coconuts, all tagged and ready for mailing, as well as all the orange juice anybody could drink. Caretakers of Palm Beach mansions threw them open to visitors. One Legionnaire after a preliminary swim in the ocean, went fishing, caught seven fish, each of a different variety. At Daytona Beach, hundreds of Legionnaires drove along the famous sands on which the world's auto speed records have been made. On the day before the convention opened, U. S. Road 1 between West Palm Beach and Miami was a solid stream of cars going south.

Just before the convention also, the Tamiami Trail through the Everglades was an American Legion speedway, over which rolled the thousands of Legion cars. That Tamiami Trail, by the way, was a revelation which matched the revelation of the Everglades itself. It is a magnificent engineering achievement—a city street built on bedrock through the heart of the country's greatest swamp. Scarcely a foot or more above the watery wilderness, it is as wide as a main avenue, its surface as smooth as black rubber. With only a few bends in its course, at most points along it motorists could see the road running straight into the horizon ahead of them and fading straight into the horizon behind them.

On each side, the swamp spread out to the arc of skyline. Square miles of saw grass whipped by the wind, above which rose scattered low islands or clumps of thicker vegetation. Seminole villages miles apart—little inclosures of reeds by the roadside, with houses of stilts and platforms and thatched roofs, open on all sides to the wind. Seminole fathers, appearing suddenly among the reeds, standing upright, impassive, propelling their hollow-tree canoes with poles. Usually a fish spear in the bottom of the canoe with a half dozen wriggling bass. Seminole mothers sewing endlessly on the platforms of the thatched houses. Seminole boys and girls, miniatures of their fathers and mothers, with big-eyed curiosity. Alligators in pens, ready to hiss and snarl for a dime. Seminole dolls for a half-dollar, bead bracelets for a quarter.

The Seminole costume, with its many narrow bands of red, orange, yellow and black, provided for the convention, incidentally, a theme song of color. Everywhere you saw in Miami real



Seminoles who had come from their swamp homes to traffic in souvenirs, and the make-believe Seminoles-for-a-day of the Legion posts at Fort Myers and Fort Lauderdale.

The Miami convention opened with brilliance in Bay Front Park. For the first time in Legion history, it was a session held in the open air. Five thousand delegates and visitors wearing Legion blue, Legion gold and tropical white, with decorations in every color of the rainbow, sat in an amphitheater bounded by tall palms and poinsettias. Above them standards with the name of every State and all Legion foreign outposts. They sat on benches, facing a covered platform on which stood National Commander Edward A. Hayes. Behind him sat the rows of distinguished guests.

That session was largely ceremonial—an address of welcome by Legionnaire Dave Sholtz, Governor of Florida, Mayor Sewell of Miami, Commander W. E. Whitlock of the Department of Florida, the response by Past National Commander Louis Johnson, the annual memorial services conducted by Reverend Father Robert J. White, National Chaplain.

There was also an address (Continued on page 50)



The French locomotive from Chester, South Carolina, one of dozens in the big parade and the Forty and Eight's night parade

ME? *I was a Delicate*

by ELMER

Edited by Frank A. Mathews, Jr.

Cartoons by Wallgren

WAS you ever to a Legion National Convention? Don't answer on the ground it might incinerate you.

Comrade, I was to Miami. Maybe it *was* the first one I was ever at, but, believe me, it ain't goin' to be the last.

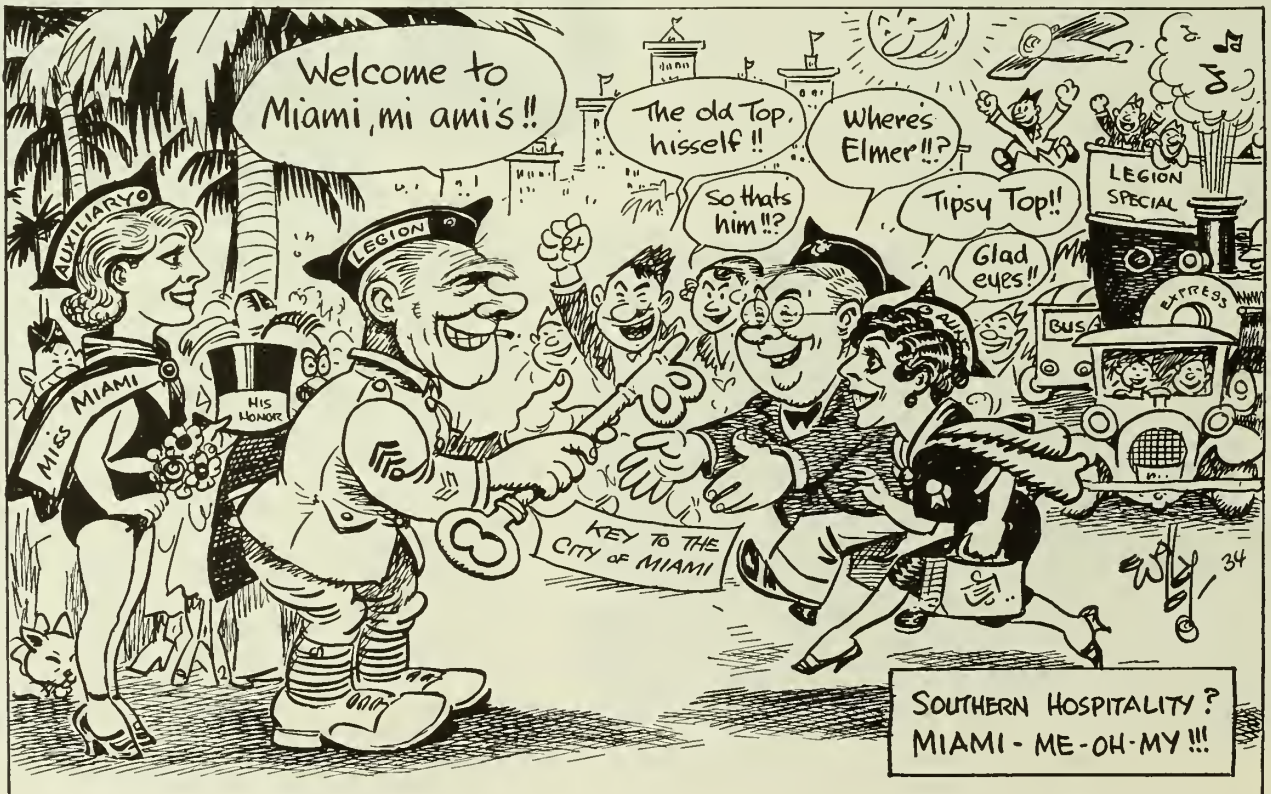
I heard so much about what the Legion always done to a convention city that I bought a lot of pitcher post cards as soon as I landed so I could have somethin' to show what the place looked like B. C. (before convention, I mean.) But I guess somebody was handin' me a lot of hooey, because Miami looked just as whole and healthy and a lot more prosperous when we left. So far as I seen, the only damage we done was to the peaceful life of the community and the only thing we took away that we shouldn't of was a lot less money than we had when we got there, if you know what I mean.

I had to take the wife along because that's the only way I could get her to let me use the money we'd been savin' up for a electric refrigerator, which we ain't regrettin' we went to Miami on that money. And that ain't no reflection on the electric refrigerator industry, neither.

You see, the boys down at the post elected me a delicate. It's

the first time I been a delicate to anything and it won't make me mad if it's the last. My idea is, after bein' at Miami, that there oughtn't to be no delicates anyhow. What with runnin' round to committee meetings and the goings-on at the sessions in the Garden and the Olympia Theayter, you don't get no time to attend the convention. There ain't no use havin' a convention and then thinkin' up a lot of stuff to keep the boys away from it.

Some wise guys in our crowd give me the low-down to watch out for "king-makers." I says, "What the hell's 'king-makers'?" They says they was a flock of birds which elected the National Commander in a hotel room accordin' to the number of free highballs instead of in the convention hall accordin' to the number of free delicates, which ain't exactly like what it says in our constitution. I says I would like to know where that hotel room was, but they says no, I was just the meat them "king-makers" was lookin' for and they would slip somethin' over on me. So I wants to know what one of these here "king-makers" looks like, never havin' seen one, and what kind of funny marks he has on him, so when I seen one comin' I could duck into a saloon. I thought maybe he had horns, or somethin'. But they says no, he don't have no sign on him advertisin' the fact, and that a saloon ain't no place to go in to duck a "king-maker" because

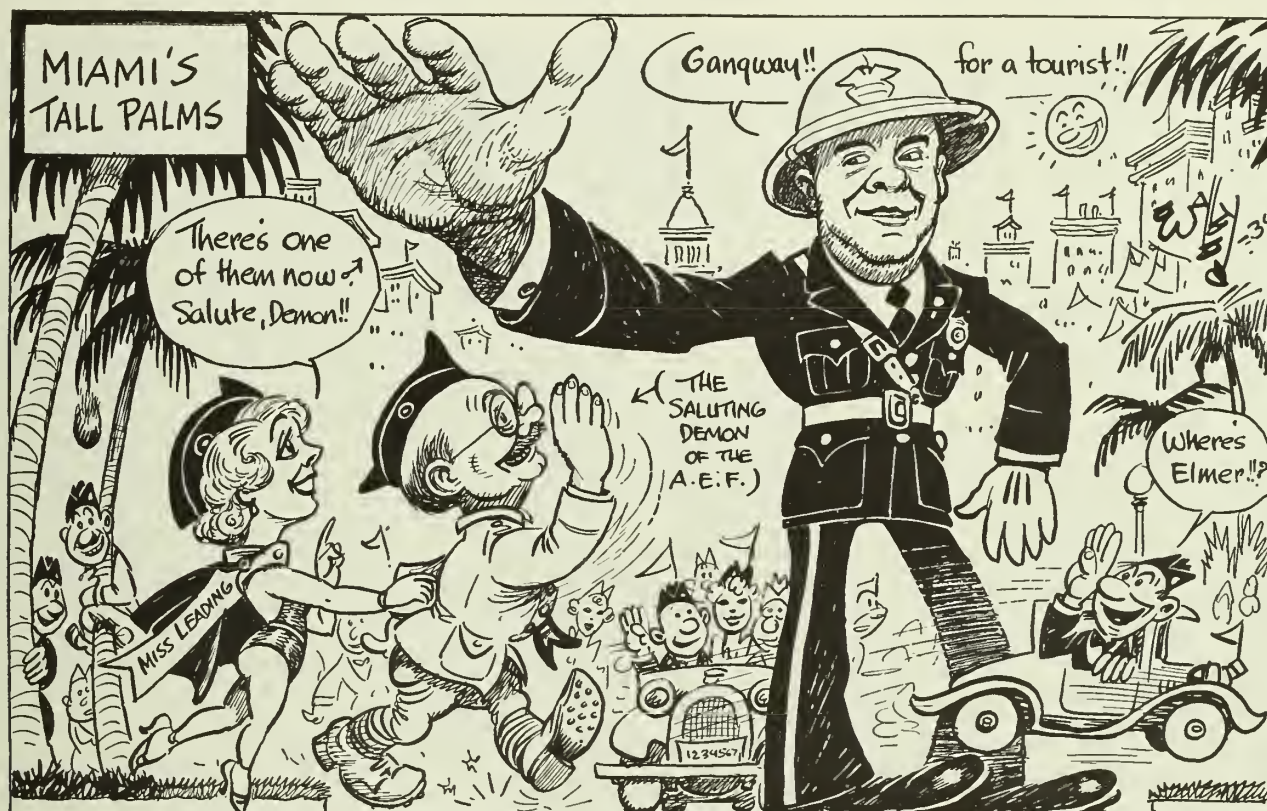


you're most likely to run into two or three others in there. I begun to think maybe they was as thick as Past Commanders, which is a dime a dozen, as any ordinary Legionnaire like me knows. On Monday all of a sudden one of the buddies give me the "Hist!" and says, "There's one!" So I watched this bird a while, and honest-to-God he looked just like a regular veteran except he was always talkin' serious to somebody.

We had a parade on Tuesday. If you ain't never been to a National Convention and seen an American Legion parade you ain't been nowhere and you ain't seen nothin'. There was a lot of men in that parade, especially if you count the Auxiliary, which ought to be left out—not out of the parade, I don't mean,

Clark Gables place, or whatever it is, where the Auxiliary was havin' their own party nine miles or so away from us. It certainly was beautiful out there. They had the speakers on a raft in a swimmin' pool with water between them and the audience, which was a good idea because the audience couldn't get at 'em.

I WAS talkin' to a fellow who was at the Chicago convention last year and he says this one wasn't near as big as Chicago, but from what he says it had it on Chicago in one way, because at Chicago all the guests not only had to pay \$2.00 to registrate but at the World's Fair everybody had to pay 5 cents to do somethin' else which I won't mention on account of some ladies or brass



but because they ain't men. It was awful hot in that parade. The cagey birds what live down South wore them short pants and them long hats like people always have on shootin' tigers in Africa, etc., only made out of "paper mushay" or somethin', which you could buy anywhere on the street at Miami. The rest of us wore long pants and them short Legion hats, which outfit was conducin' to sweat and sunburn, both of which I did and got.

And was them bugle corpses gorgeous? It looked like a couple hundred musical comedies comin' down on you all at once. Personally, I think they've improved a lot on the old regulation army uniform, so far as colors and dewdabs is concerned. But some of the boys look like their Mae West's have run together and slipped down some. However, none of us ain't as young as we used to be.

There was a lot of fun at night. Everybody was out for a good time and believe me, we all had it. It's a good-lookin' city, Miami, and the people is O.K. It's the first time I ever seen palm trees really growin' outside in the ground and they was interestin' to me. Down in Miami they got several kinds of palms—royal, coconut, banana and itchin'. But I guess they got this last kind in lots of cities which don't go in for raisin' the other kinds except in the lobbies of the hotels.

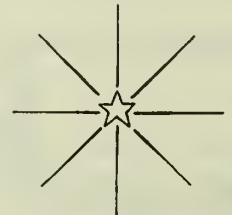
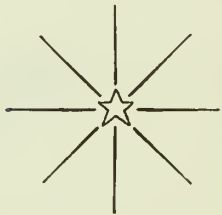
I run into a couple of lads from my old outfit that I ain't seen since the war, and did we have a reunion? Oh, boy! I ain't ashamed of myself or nothin', but when I come back to the hotel at 4:30 A. M. carryin' some stuff I didn't start out with which must of leaked out on my breath, the wife opened her eyes, lifted up her nose and give me what Sherman said war was.

The wife and me, we hired an auto and rode out to this here

hats might read this and not like it, but which it ain't no secret everybody has to look after every so often which I mean when you gotta go you—even no World's Fair don't make no difference—which it don't seem fair to chisel a nickle out of anybody for doin'.

We had quite some sessions at that Theayter, with Ed Hayes runnin' the thing nice and smooth and givin' everybody a chance to talk whether he had anythin' to say or not. There was a lot of resolutions, nominations of "a man who," movin' the previous question and all that, and they talked about reducin' the dues of the Sons of The American Legion from twenty-five cents to 15 cents. A guy gets up and says, "Make 'em two for a quarter," and everybody laughs, which I don't see nothin' funny in because I got three sons and a couple of daughters and a wife what belongs to the Auxiliary, and it's goin' to cost a lot of dues to keep my family 100 per cent. American Legion, and things ain't so hot these days even with the Government givin' away lots of money and all. And speakin' of that, I think that there resolution on the adjusted compensation (bonus to anybody what ain't entitled to get it) is a very good idea. It don't demand nothin', like the newspapers tries to say it does, but as I get it, recommends that since Congress is givin' away a lot of money to people the Government don't owe nothin' to in order to save the country now, it don't seem out of the way to suggest it might pay what it does owe to a lot of birds who *did* save the country a few years back. It just seems like common sense, which I hope ain't treason or robbin' no treasury or bein' a Tory or nothin'. But maybe I'm wrong. Course I ain't sayin' the Government's responsible for me havin' five kids, like I mentioned, (Continued on page 61)

Two Christmas Carols in the A.E.F.



By John Black

IT'S all in the way you look at it, of course. One man's idea of a merry Christmas night, like as not, be another man's idea of a nice funeral. And it's a safe bet there are plenty of A. E. F. veterans all ready to shout down any claim that Christmas ever could have been merry overseas. I can almost hear their protests: "Merry Christmas in France! Say, where do you get that stuff? There's just one place for a merry Christmas—and that is back home in the U. S. A.!"

To which I can only add a hearty *ah oui!* However, the fact remains that a large portion of our two million did spend at least one Twenty-Fifth of December in France. Indeed, a considerable number, including myself, spent two of them. And an interesting study in contrasts they were, too. If it came to a choice, my vote would go unhesitatingly to the Christmas I spent at Chaumont in 1917. There, at least, we had Christmas trees—and some real winter weather. The weather, in fact, was something to write home about. In early December we had had a spell of slush and blizzards which was followed at Christmas-time by clear, cold days and blue skies.

It was an old-fashioned Christmas, on that score. Ice and frozen snow had put a sparkle on everything in sight, and the whole Marne countryside glittered like a Christmas card. Which was a good deal more than could be said for Christmas in 1918. That holiday found me at St. Nazaire—wallowing in mud, up to the knees.

However, we are running ahead of our story. I have just been browsing through a sheaf of dusty and yellowed war letters—my own A. E. F. correspondence—of which my mother had made a careful and complete collection. And the chief picture the letters conjure up is that of those unforgettable Christmases in the A. E. F.

I had almost written "those *war* Christmases," yet that would not be strictly accurate, since practically speaking there was no such thing as a war Christmas in the A. E. F. At Christmas in 1917, the keynote of activity was preparation. The Army was busy getting ready for its big job. And by the time Christmas came again the next year it was all over. Thus, one might say that, to all intents and purposes, for us the war was fought between two Christmases.

This is confirmed when we analyze the spirit which prevailed at these seasons. Take, for example, the first of the two holidays. We were at Chaumont, Haute Marne, in December, 1917. The

scene was Base Hospital Fifteen, with which outfit I was on service as one of the enlisted personnel. The hospital occupied a converted French barracks, located at the opposite extremity of the town from A. E. F. General Headquarters. There were practically no wounded Americans in our care, most of the hospital buildings being occupied by poilus, who were suffering from "trench feet" and gas and shrapnel wounds. The approach of Christmas, however, found us caring for an increasing number of sick Americans, with myself on night duty as orderly in one of the American buildings catering to the nocturnal needs of a score or more of sick Yanks, mostly from Georgia and Alabama.

What did I write home about that Christmas? Oh, yes, here's the letter: "... *Hard luck, I had to work all night Christmas Eve, but at least I had the advantage of having Christmas Day off. I went without sleep for the day—it was well worth it.*"

The approach of the holidays found the hospital staff busy and excited. Of course we would celebrate Christmas! Hadn't the colonel authorized the adjutant to order a huge shipment of turkeys? (Which birds, incidentally, arrived three days late). And wasn't the enlisted personnel already at work decorating the hospital buildings with all the traditional trappings of the season? Of course we would celebrate! "A Christmas tree in every ward!"—that was the colonel's order. And those were days when orders were orders. So the work of decorating the hospital progressed rapidly. The trees arrived in due course, and soon they were installed, dozens of dapper young firs, sparkling beside the beds of French and American soldiers alike.

To our wounded French patients, the Christmas trees came as somewhat of a peace offering. They marked the end of an inter-allied crisis that had been precipitated when the poilus protested against our American rations because they did not include wine. Just before Christmas the embargo on wine was dropped. That helped to put us back in the good graces of our allies.



Then, when the Christmas trees came, and after that the holiday dinner itself, which included—believe it or not!—some real American apple pie, why then the Frenchmen were quite ready to agree that l'Hopital américain had certain real advantages, after all!

It was natural that we should observe Christmas with zest at Chaumont in 1917. The peace-time spirit of holiday jollification had not yet been obliterated by the stern reality of war. True, we got a taste of war's alarms occasionally, but these were minor. For example, a German air squadron paid us a most un-Christmaslike visit one night in mid-December, this being the first serious attempt to reach Pershing in his home town. The raid proved a fizzle, and the enemy was successfully routed at the out-

Year's Eve. So far as my own New Year's Eve is concerned, the tale is told in a letter I wrote home on January 2, 1918: "... *New Year's Eve sure was lively. I worked all night at the hospital, and when midnight came I was busy trying to subdue a crazed patient who had run amuck.*"

The whereabouts of our Christmas boxes from home was a major topic of interest at the holidays. Some soldiers received theirs months afterward—and some are still waiting! As the reader will recall, the Christmas boxes that year were all shipped to the A. E. F. on special boats. Much to my own delight I learned shortly before Christmas that my box had arrived in France and would reach me very soon. It was welcome news, all right, but it proved to be an army rumor; the box never did arrive.



That Christmas of 1917 was a red letter day at the hospital, even though the turkeys the adjutant had ordered failed to arrive on time

skirts of town. The greetings to our G. H. Q. didn't materialize.

The incident had no more serious result than to mildly disturb the natives and to cause a brief interruption of our program. Next day Christmas preparations were renewed, and when the holidays arrived everything went according to schedule. It was a merry Christmas, anyway you look at it. We feasted. We danced. And we sang "Good Morning, Mr. Zip-zip-zip" as our Christmas carol. Not quite in keeping, but cheerful.

*Illustration by
V.E. Pyles*

Two holiday dances were held at the hospital—one, for enlisted personnel and nurses, on December 28; and another, for officers and nurses on New

In any case, the matter of the missing box proved unimportant. It was promptly forgotten on Christmas morning when someone handed me a bunch of home mail, including a letter from my mother. I've always wanted to put that letter in a frame. It brought the strangest bit of news to reach me during my entire service.

When I opened the envelope the first thing I saw was an order to appear before the local Draft Registration Board, in Brooklyn, New York, for examination preliminary to being drafted. This—after I had been in France for six months! The explanation of course was that our outfit had sailed before the Draft Law was enacted. In her letter my mother wrote that the Draft Board was suspicious because I (Continued on page 49)

The FIRST LINE

By
John J. Noll

Mrs. A. C. Carlson of Minnesota who was unanimously elected National President of The American Legion Auxiliary for 1935

THE brilliant pageantry of the processional, the vivid color of flags and banners and flowers, the handsome gowns of officers, delegates and guests, are all things that may be expected at national conventions of The American Legion Auxiliary, but the sessions of the Fourteenth National Convention of that organization were greatly enhanced by the unique, exotic setting in which the 1934 meeting of the largest patriotic women's organization in the country was held.

November was just around the corner when the convention opened. Frost and snow had visited some of the northernmost States, but the countryside was abloom with showy hibiscus and bougainvillea and trumpet flowers and the sun was shining its brightest down in Florida where the Auxiliary was assembling. The vast Miami Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, seven miles from the Legion's convention city of Miami, had been turned over entirely to the Auxiliary.

Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., National President of the Auxiliary, had promised a national convention that would be "different" and through Mrs. J. Y. Cheney, General Chairman of the Auxiliary Convention Committee and her numerous helpers, had prepared a convention setting that can be described only by the much-used and much-abused adjective "colorful." After passing through the lobby of the hotel, through a patio and arcade, a vista of the huge Spanish Pool, in a court bordered with picturesque coconut palms, oleanders and other tropical plants, was gained. At one end of the pool rose a covered stadium flanked at its forward edge by a row of loge boxes. The rising tiers of seats held the 716 delegates representing the 387,500 women throughout the world who comprise the Auxiliary, and their guests.

Over the center of the pool was the large platform from which National President Mrs. Biester presided, from which were introduced the numerous distinguished guests who brought messages of greeting to the convention, from which were read the reports of the committees. A brilliant canopy added color and served as protection from the warm Florida sun, and palms and other plants formed an effective background and border. And when, after the opening procession, there was added a solid bank of national colors on one side and another bank

of white Department banners on the other, snapping in the brisk breeze and reflecting in the water of the pool, it was indeed a sight long to be remembered.

The Auxiliary officers, delegates and guests, as is customary, joined with the Legion in its opening session in Bayfront Park, Miami, on Monday morning, October twenty-second. Shortly after noon, however, the women of the Auxiliary were assembled in their outdoor convention hall to begin their own annual meeting. With filmy summer costumes predominating, the scene was more that of a garden party than of a convention. The Drum and Bugle Corps of Tarentum (Pennsylvania) Post, resplendent in white and gold uniforms, champion of the National President's Department

A portion of the outdoor convention amphitheater at the Miami Biltmore Hotel. A corner of the stage, built over the Spanish Pool, is seen at the right side of the picture



of SUPPORT

The opening procession, led by the Tarentum, Pennsylvania, Post Drum and Bugle Corps and white-clad pages carrying the Department colors and banners, was an impressive spectacle

and official music of the convention, serenaded the Auxiliary. Then, retiring to an arcade at the far side of the pool, it led the procession of national and department colors, borne by pretty, white-clad pages, of national officers, Past National Presidents and other distinguished guests, all of whom acted as an escort for National



National President Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., shares the Legion convention rostrum with National Commander Hayes to convey the Auxiliary's greetings

guest and convention soloist, sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Greetings in abundance were brought to the Auxiliary and I regret that the many commendations of the great work the Auxil-

President Mrs. Biester.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of The American Legion Auxiliary was called to order by Mrs. Biester, a woman who combines with her great personal charm exceptional executive ability. Conforming with Auxiliary procedure, Mrs. Frank B. Emery, National Americanism chairman, led the assemblage in the pledge of allegiance to the flag, after which National Chaplain Mrs. J. J. Doyle gave the invocation. Madame Martha Atwood, honored

iary has accomplished and is continuing to accomplish cannot be spread in this brief report. Leonard K. Thompson, President of the 1934 National Convention Corporation, expressed the happiness of Miami in being host to the organization. Mayor Bernard F. Dickman, of St. Louis, the city which will entertain the 1935 national convention, brought a word of welcome from the Mound City and "Show Me" State. In a happy vein Legionnaire David Sholtz, Florida's Governor, paid the Auxiliary and its National President sincere compliments and appointed Mrs. Biester a colonel on his official staff.

Next in order were introduced Mayor E. G. Sewell of Miami, Mayor Vincent D. Wyman of Coral Gables, and United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida. The Legion's National Chaplain, Reverend Robert J. White, recently appointed American Vice President of Fidac, told of his visit to London in September as one of the delegates to Fidac's annual congress and spoke of the Auxiliary's splendid work across the seas.

During Father White's talk a dramatic incident occurred. The brisk wind which had been sweeping through the open-air convention hall suddenly dislodged from its staff the national colors of the Department of Arkansas and swept it into the pool. A gasp went up from the assemblage. Within a short time, one of the life guards whose active duties, of course, were suspended during the sessions, brought forth a diminutivelad in bathing trunks, who dove in and res-



cued the flag. Bobby Barker, nine-year-old Cub Scout of Miami, was the hero of the occasion and received the plaudits of the crowd.

There followed the brief addresses of welcome by Dr. W. E. Whitlock, Department Commander of Florida's Legion, and Mrs. S. S. McCahill, President of the Florida Department of the Auxiliary.

With National Vice President Miss Anna Manion occupying the chair, Mrs. Biester gave a report of her year's stewardship of the Auxiliary. This inspiring account of service was heard not only by the fifteen hundred assembled delegates, officers and guests, but by the country at large, as it went over the air on a nation-wide hook-up of the National Broadcasting Company. Stressed particularly was the effort of the Auxiliary to preserve an honorable peace in America, based largely upon the demand of the Legion and its Auxiliary upon Congress to pass legislation to take the profit out of war, represented in the Universal Draft Bill which has long been under the consideration of Congress. Favorable action on this important legislation is expected.

With the number of Auxiliary units increased 435 during the past year to a new total of 8,400 units in the organization and a membership gain of 32,000 over the previous year, Mrs. Biester still stressed the fact that care must be taken with regard to the eligibility of applicants for membership so that the high standard might be maintained. The continuance of the major work of the Auxiliary in aiding the disabled and distressed veterans and their

families, the poppy program from which much of the Auxiliary's welfare funds are obtained, the accomplishments of the National Defense Conference over which she presided in Washington in January last, the splendid aid rendered public libraries in this stressful time by the donation of 55,000 books, particularly for the children's departments, and the establishment of libraries where none before existed, the development of the Auxiliary's radio program, are but a few of the many paramount activities touched upon by Mrs. Biester in her interesting and comprehensive report.

Remarking that the Auxiliary accepted the leadership and inspiration of the Legion, Mrs. Biester added, "The Auxiliary is proud of its place by the side of these men in peace-time service to the nation. In all of its activities, the Auxiliary seeks to achieve for America the things which they and their fallen comrades sought to achieve in war, and for which they continue to strive in peace."

Following the National President's report, which was roundly applauded and accepted by a rising vote, Mrs. Joseph Y. Cheney, General Chairman of the Auxiliary National

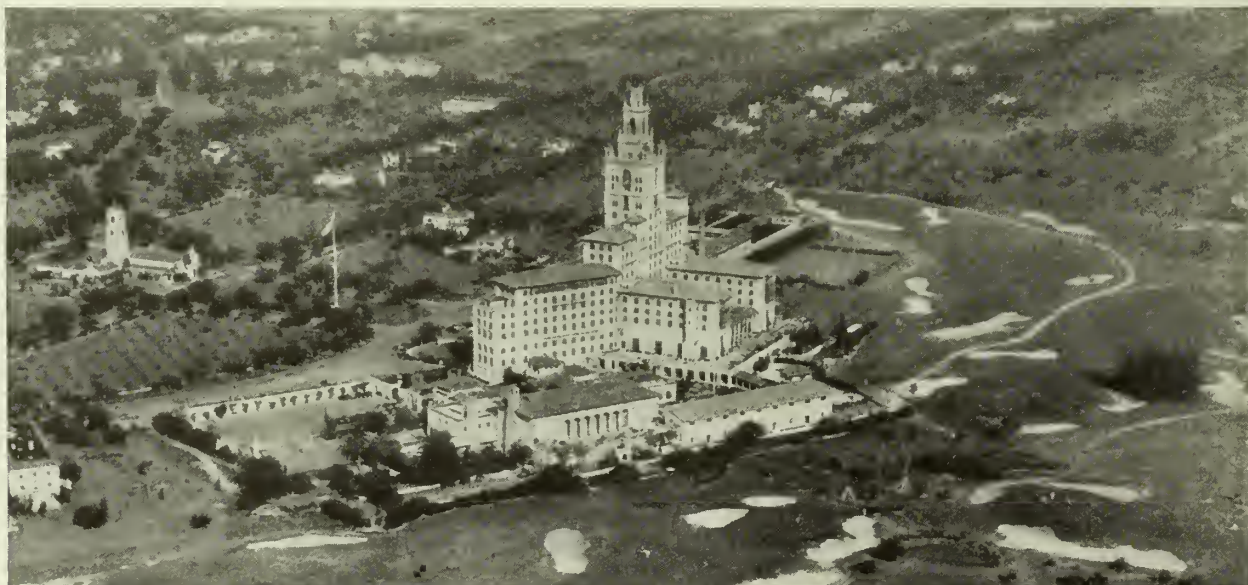
Convention, was introduced and in turn introduced the corps of women who assisted her in carrying out the many details involved in her large undertaking.

A touching incident was the introduction of O. L. Bodenhamer, Jr., "Little Bodie," the baby son of the late National Commander Bodenhamer, as the "most distinguished guest of the Fourteenth National Convention" of the Auxiliary.

National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel, (Continued on page 44)



The newly-elected National Vice Presidents. Seated, left to right, Mrs. Charles V. K. Saxton of Utah, Western Division; Mrs. Myron Miller of Kansas, Central; Mrs. Tom Gammie of Oklahoma, Southern. Standing, Mrs. W. Francis Smith of Wyoming, Northwestern, and Mrs. Jonathan E. Wheatley of Maryland, Eastern



The scene of the Auxiliary national convention—the Miami Biltmore Hotel and Country Club at Coral Gables, Florida. Sessions were held in the Spanish Pool amphitheater, glimpsed in the center foreground; the States Dinner in the Seminole Grove, the enclosure at the left

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE doctor's five-year-old answered the call at the door.

"Is the doctor in?" inquired the caller.

"No, sir."

"Have you any idea when he will be back?"

"I don't know, sir—he went out on an eternity case."

JAMES O'NEIL, Manchester's (N. H.) police chiefing and news-reporting Legionnaire, made the trip to the Miami convention by boat. On the way down, he says, the sea was a little rough and some of the delegates were having tough sessions at the rail. A comrade came up behind one of them and slapping him on the back inquired:

"What's the matter, buddy? Got a weak stomach?"

"Cripes, no!" was the indignant reply. "I seem to be able to throw it as far as any of 'em."

"MOTHER," said little Alec, "I believe our ashman is a real good Christian."

"What makes you think that, son?"

"Well, yesterday, when he was about to dump the ash barrel into his cart, the bottom of the barrel dropped out and the ashes went all over him. He was a mess, but instead of getting mad, he brushed himself off, and then sat right down on the curb and told God all about it."

PAST Drapeau National E. J. (Headman) Lefferts tells about a man and woman who had been partners in vaudeville for many years. The woman died, and a few days after her funeral the man was approached by a friend who said:

"Old man, I knew that the passing of your partner was a great loss to you, but I never realized what a blow it was until I saw how hard you took it."

"Where did you see me—at the church or the cemetery?" asked the actor.

"At the church."

"Oh, you didn't see anything. You should have seen me at the cemetery—I simply panicked 'em!"



IT WAS the third morning of the Miami National Convention. Two of the comrades were seated in a restaurant bravely trying to carry-on.

They had exhausted all the conversation they could think of on the subjects of how much they liked each other, how much they liked Miami, how much they

liked the convention, and other likes. Finally they got on the matter of dislikes. One of them declared:

"I don't like these avocados."

"What? I thought everybody liked avocados."

"No, I don't like 'em," persisted the comrade. "An' I'll tell you another thing; I'm glad I don't like avocados."

"Why are you glad you don't like avocados?"

"Well, I'll tell you confidentially; if I liked avocados, I'd eat an awful lot of 'em, and as bad as I hate 'em that'd be awful—wouldn't it?"

THEN there's the one about the new shavetail who had his platoon marching away from him. The men had gone some distance and were headed straight for an embankment, and the second lieutenant was speechless. At last the Regular Army sergeant-instructor yelled to the new officer:

"Say something, you dumb-bell, if it's only goodbye."



GEORGE and Henry had not seen each other for several years, and discovered that each was married.

"What kind of a 'oman did you git fo' yo'sef, Gawge?"

"Lawdy, Henry, she's a' angel."

"U-m-m, man, you sho is lucky; mine's still livin'."

OHIO'S William E. Handley, who is the Legionnaire in charge of the regular Sunday Legion programs broadcast from Cincinnati, was telling of an incident of his last political campaign.

"Sometimes," he said, "men take up your cause and you feel they are going to hinder rather than help." He then told about an old battle-scarred devotee of the jug, reeking with the stench of rotgut and rancid grime, who called at his office, pledging his support and asking for some campaign cards to distribute. Bill reluctantly gave him the cards and shushed him out of his office. A few days later he returned with a jag. He made a new the inevitable touch, declaring he had passed out the cards to good effect, and with a sly, confidential wink added:

"I told the people I wanted 'em to vote for you because I was your uncle."

IN THE roadside refreshment stand of a thrifty South Carolinian is this sign: "USE LESS SUGAR—STIR LIKE THE DEVIL—WE DON'T MIND THE NOISE."



THE lady was giving the man at the kitchen door a handout.

"Can't you find any work?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but ev'ry-one wants a ref'runce

from the last man worked for."

"And can't you get one?"

"No, ma'am; you see, he's been dead for more'n twenty years."

HE WAS on a tour among the churches of his district, and the good old presiding elder was shocked when he heard the local pastor painting a picture to his congregation of a hell where cold winds blew, snow fell in great flurries and the wicked shivered until finally frozen to remain so throughout all eternity.

"What's the idea of picturing hell like that?" he asked.

"It would never do to tell these people about a hell of fire and brimstone," replied the preacher. "If I did, every old rheumatic here would be taking off for it before the first frost."

PAST National Commander Howard P. Savage was telling one at the Miami convention about the man whose wife had been delivering him lectures on the evil of coming home intoxicated. After one evening of whooping-it-up and hopeful of avoiding the usual scene with his wife, the man tiptoed into the house without awakening her. He went to the bath room to patch up some scratches he'd received during the evening's frolic. After an hour or more before the mirror applying adhesive tape, he felt his injuries had been taken care of and with a feeling of high satisfaction he went to bed. The next morning, when he awoke, his wife gave him a cold stare and said:

"You must have been on a dandy last night!"

"Why—why, why do you say that, my dear? I was cold sober."

"Cold sober, eh? Then explain why you put all of that adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror."



THEY were under the moon and the stars. He was the hero of the football team, and she was radiantly beautiful.

"Really, dear, do you

love me?" she murmured.

"You bet I do."

"And do you think of me all the time—night and day?"

After a moment's hesitation, he said:

"I'll be honest with you—I think of football once in a while."

Vincennes (Indiana) Post hopes you'll come its way and see this newest American memorial honoring George Rogers Clark. His capture of Vincennes from the British in 1779 gave the West to the new nation

SEEING

Is Seeing



Andrew J. Campbell and other men of Page County found their way through a sink-hole to the hollowed interior of Cave Hill on August 13, 1878. Burrowing through the mud of a million years, widening passages and carving steps, the discoverers and those who came after them opened up chamber after chamber upon many levels.

Thousands of Americans have traveled by railway to Luray for more than a half century. Today motoring Americans are thick upon broad and smooth highway No. 211 which leads on the west from the Shenandoah Valley over Massanutten Mountain, on the east from Washington past the Battlefield of Bull

Run. Today floodlights have magnified immeasurably the caverns' beauty.

In Cathedral Hall, in the lowest depths of the cavern, is a bronze tablet, bearing the emblem of The American Legion and dedicated to the memory of Julian D. Miller, the three Campbells and nineteen other men of Page County who gave their lives in the World War. The tablet was erected in 1928 when the Luray Caverns Corporation relaxed its time-honored rule against memorial tablets. Three cavern guides died in World War service.

The Legionnaires of Miller-



THE clubhouse of John J. Welch Post of The American Legion is within walking distance of America's most-visited scenic wonder, Niagara Falls. To thousands of Legionnaires who have visited it, on the brink of the mile-deep chasm carved by the Colorado River millions of years ago, Grand Canyon, Arizona, is remembered not only for its breath-taking panoramas and its comfortable hotel of the Harvey System, but also as the home of John Ivens Post of The American Legion. Two of the peaks in the canyon are named after Legionnaires Fred Johnson and Glen E. Sturdevant, who lost their lives in the treacherous river while on an exploring expedition. Yellowstone National Park is the home of Uncle Sam's rangers who are Legionnaires of Park Post, Livingston, Montana. They travel 130 miles or more by auto when the post meets once a month.

Miller-Campbell Post of Luray, Virginia, now adds to the record a report of the installation of its new officers held on September 24th in Luray Caverns.



Campbell Post marched three quarters of a mile underground to Cathedral Hall. The installation ceremonies were held beneath the memorial tablet. Department Commander R. L. Insko, Past Department Commander M. E. Bristow, Department Adjutant W. Glenn Elliott and Nelson F. Richards, State Service Officer, took part in the ceremonies.

Edward B. Rhodes Post of Tacoma, Washington, sends a report

In Cathedral Hall of Luray Caverns, Virginia, Miller-Campbell Post of Luray installs its new officers

AMERICA

The Legion

of the first annual American Legion Mid-Winter Ski-Deo, which it staged in Paradise Valley at Rainier National Park with the assistance of Legionnaires from Seattle, Bremerton and other cities and towns. There was a Saturday night dance in Paradise Lodge, high up on the mountain, and between dances expert skiers raced down the steep slopes which were made bright by flood lights. On Sunday there were trophy races. Paul Sceva, Jr., won the big event, two miles from Panorama Point to Paradise Lodge, in less than four minutes.

Homer L. Chaillaux, Past Commander of the California Department, writes that Yosemite Post got a great hand as it swung past the reviewing stand in San Francisco during the department convention. It is composed of 142 men, practically all of them rangers and other government employes or special workers in Yosemite National Park. Many members travel fifty miles each way to attend meetings in Yosemite Valley. The post had a big share in the observance of National Park Year, has staged many ceremonies and entertainments for brother Legionnaires of California and Legionnaires from all parts of the country.

Motorists from the West and Middle West drive to the East



Seventeen Legionnaires are official guides for the Battlefield of Gettysburg, 25,000 acres on which every step brings you to scenes like these



over the Lincoln Highway—U. S. Road 30. Some hours out of Pittsburgh they begin to cross the Allegheny Mountains. They shoot up long, steep grades and spiral to massive crests from which they can look out over scores of miles of rolling slopes and

bronze tablets and heroic figures, Civil War cannon parked wheel to wheel and looking out over slopes once red with blood, rocky peaks on which sharpshooters fought, now surmounted by towers from which you can reconstruct the fighting of seventy years ago.



When you meet a ranger in forest green in Yosemite National Park, there is every chance that he's a Legionnaire. Here is Yosemite Post, all set to march in the California Department convention parade at San Francisco

Near Gettysburg's public square is the clubhouse of Albert J. Lentz Post of The American Legion, and seventeen official battlefield guides are post members. When President Roosevelt spoke at Gettysburg on last Memorial Day, twelve Pennsylvania Legion posts sent bands and

drum corps and delegations, and Albert J. Lentz Post served 3,000 sandwiches at a party in its clubhouse after the services.

The Wabash is a noble stream at Vincennes, Indiana, and on its shore stands the new national memorial to George Rogers Clark, a peristyle of white stone surrounded by trees and lawns and drives. Dedicated during the George Rogers Clark Exposition, it honors the hero of the battle fought February 25, 1779, which ended the western phase of the Revolutionary War, made Vincennes and the country about it American instead of British. In earlier history, Vincennes had been a French town in the American wilderness, center of the fur trade.

Vincennes Post, proud of the Clark memorial, recalls its presentation of the flag of the city of Vincennes, Indiana, to the mayor and city of Vincennes in France, treasures the flag of French Vincennes, a parchment scroll and a canteen full of water from the Marne which came to it as official gifts from overseas. In its clubhouse, an old man-



sion of the Colonial type, the post welcomes visitors, is glad to help them learn what Vincennes stands for in history.

Man Bites Dog

EVERY American newspaper reporter has been taught that "dog bites man" isn't news

ordinarily, but that "man bites dog" is a red-hot candidate for the front page whenever and wherever the event happens.

It is news these days also when we can write instead of "mortgage burns up post," its antithesis, "post burns up mortgage."

It actually happened, according to Publicity Chairman E. Lamont Johnson of East Pasadena (California) Post. Amid considerable celebration, he says, his outfit touched a match to the mortgage which has shadowed the post's clubhouse and the lot on which it stands ever since the depression set in.

Legion Hobby Show

ARITHMETIC and geography and spelling are all right, in the opinion of Raymond Downs. But carving things out of wood! Not merely all right, but tasks to be performed in the spirit of Raphael making a painting, Michelangelo making a statue of marble. Raymond won the big prize in the first annual hobby show conducted by James



Claire Carmody Post of Poultney, Vermont. The post gave him a camera, and Department Commander Asa S. Bloomer at the prize-presentation ceremonies praised the completeness, the perfection, of the model of a farm sled which he carved from wood. Department Commander Bloomer praised also the exhibits—woodworking, bird-houses, airplanes, industrial charts, collections of stamps, coins, and butterflies, notebooks, sewing, embroidery, novelties—which 280 other boys and girls entered in the contest. The exhibits were displayed in local stores. Post Adjutant John B. Donahue recommends the hobby show to any post looking for a way to enlist the school children of its town in its winter activities.

Insurance Post

STREETS are canyons between skyscrapers in down-town New York and life is always at the flood tide. At first thought, it might seem that planting a new post of The American Legion in the heart of New York's financial district would be like planting an oak on one of its rooftops. But when Insurance Post was formed two years ago, with practically all its members insurance men, it set to work to disprove the belief that business is always business. When it found itself with \$3,000 in the post treasury, the result of early activities, it donated a part of the sum to the New York Department's Mountain Camp at Tupper Lake. Then it sent fifty boys and girls from crowded neighborhoods, selected at its request by New York charitable societies, to the American Legion Auxiliary camp at Goshen, New York, giving the children two weeks of sunshine, rest and play. It is planning to do the same thing next summer, reports Post Commander Eugene C. Richards.



In the heart of the insurance district, at the intersection of Maiden Lane and Liberty Street, just east of William Street, is Legion Memorial Square, so designated by the Board of Aldermen as the result of efforts by Insurance Post Member Gustav H. Lamm and other members.

New York City has two other big insurance posts, Metropolitan Post, composed of employes of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Nyllic Post, composed of New York Life Insurance Company employes. Both have their meeting places in the huge mid-town buildings in which their members work, and both engage in extensive welfare and social activities.

Greatest Legion Musical Show

FAR from the center of national and Legion population, the Miami National Convention was neither the Legion's largest nor its most spectacular convention. But musically the Miami convention rose to the mountain tops. Never were finer bands and drum corps seen in parade or competitions. Never before did a national convention city provide a greater spectacle than the one seen under the floodlights of the University of Miami football field. Twenty thousand Miamians and visiting Legionnaires packed grandstands on the three sides of the field. Five or ten thousand others journeyed to the remote field by streetcar, bus and automobile, only to be disappointed because every seat and every foot of standing space was filled early. When Miami's Provost Marshal stopped the sale of tickets, there was a solid block of automobiles extending from down-town Miami.

Dr. C. C. Hawke of Winfield, Kansas, chairman of the National Convention Contests Supervisory (Continued on page 61)



Mt. Rainier furnished most of the scenery for the mid-winter celebration of Edward B. Rhodes Post of Tacoma in Rainier National Park

OUT of the TRENCHES by CHRISTMAS

HOW many veterans recall the mission that set out from these United States in 1915, the second year of the World War, with the hope of getting the troops out of the trenches by Christmas? It was a well-intentioned, peace-minded group but their expressed hope, which developed into an oft-repeated slogan, failed to materialize until three years later, after our country had entered the war and our troops literally had to fight their way out of the trenches. But that Christmas of 1918, following the Armistice, was one well worth celebrating.

Christmas greeting cards in great number crossed the Atlantic, both to and from the A. E. F., many of those returning to the homeland being, of course, of the "Joyeux Noel," or "Fröhliche Weihnachten" type, depending upon whether the senders were wintering in France or in the Occupied Area. The card we reproduce, however, is strictly A. E. F., both production and distribution. But since Legionnaire Gilbert Malcolm, editor of the *Dickinson Alumnus* and Assistant to the President, and Treasurer of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, sent us the card, we'll let him tell about it:

"As a member of the Legion since its organization I have been interested in following your pages in the Monthly. During the war I was one of the editors of *The Lorraine Cross*, the official newspaper of the 79th Division. After a rather humble start we rented Maison Collot in Bar le Duc. We not only printed the paper there, but also printed many other things for various units. Among them was the enclosure—Major General Kuhn's Christmas card to the men and officers of the 79th Division.

"The first number of the *Lorraine Cross* was published February 6, 1919. There were fourteen numbers, the last appearing May 8, 1919, on the eve of the Division's departure from France.

"As you know, the 79th Division trained at Camp Meade, Maryland. We entrained there for France. On the railroad platform in Jersey City, waiting for embarkation next morning, the idea of creating what later became *The Lorraine Cross* was



The Peace and Good Will of General Kuhn's holiday greeting to his officers and men of the 79th Division bore particular meaning so soon after the Armistice

formulated. By chance a group of newspaper men from various units of the Division met. After introducing each other, someone said, 'We have a staff here for a newspaper.' But that staff was never to function together, because during the days in the Argonne several of the men were killed.

"Immediately following the Armistice, I suggested to Colonel J. J. Steinman, then Adjutant of the Division and publisher of the *Lancaster News-Intelligencer*, the advisability of a Divisional newspaper. It was the rebirth of the station idea. And while I pictured the contribution a newspaper would make to the morale of the Division, an honest confession would include my own vision of

a much softer job than acting as a member of the Headquarters Troop. The necessary orders were issued and Major Spencer Roberts, Division G-2, was named advisory editor, though he never later appeared in the editorial rooms.

"The first editor was Sergeant 1st Class Harry F. Hoesack, who was from California. And I was the only other member of the editorial staff, as associate editor. The paper was printed by the 304th Engineers' press and was a four-page sheet, 6¼ x 9½. The masthead declared that the paper would be 'published every Thursday by the 79th Division wherever it happens to be. Subscriptions may be made for three months only; rate, three francs for three months, paid in advance.'"

CONTINUING his story, Ex-Private Malcolm reports that the third and fourth numbers grew to six pages and that the demand



grew so great that the Collet shop, a French establishment in Bar le Duc, was rented. "From then on," he writes, "at least ten thousand copies were run off each week and every line of it was set by hand. With the change to the larger format there was also a change in staff. Major Roberts had been relieved as advisory editor. James M. Cain, Headquarters Troop and my own pal before and after the war—former member of the staff of the *Baltimore Sun* and after the war on the *New York World*, and, more recently, author of the best seller, 'The Postman Always Rings Twice'—became editor. I was labeled sports editor and Donald Cronin became circulation manager. Lieutenant Frank A. Gale became the unheralded columnist, unlisted in the masthead, but known to the readers as 'Per-nicious Pete.'

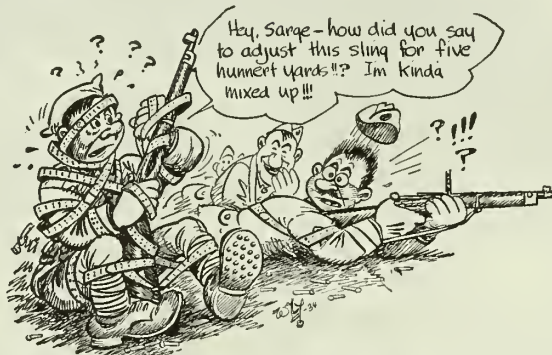
"Perhaps the greatest distinction *The Lorraine Cross* can claim is that on March 26, 1919, it published an 'extra'—probably the first 'extra' published in France. The reason—news that the 79th Division was to move, which meant the move homewards, but that is another story.

"Among our type-setters were James F. Tracey, Ralph Sawin, John Spielman and Corporal Jerry Mitchell, who could tell you of the trouble we had setting up the paper entirely by hand and also in using French cases. There are practically no w's in the French language and y's are also scarce. In the early days we put two v's together to make a w or turned an m upside down. When we ran out of y's we used a pair of plyers on a v.

"To return to the General's Christmas card, one of our 'job printing' orders, my recollection is that we printed enough of them

friends in a foreign land. Your thoughts are with those near and dear to you across the water as their thoughts are with you. The Christmas setting is indeed a strange and unusual one for many of you who for the first time in your lives are not celebrating the holiday season with your families. . . . The Dawn of Peace has come and with it the time of your return to country and home draws near.

"In wishing you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, your Division Commander desires to express his appreciation for your gallant conduct in battle and for your faithful services, both at home and abroad. . . ."



WHEN praise is meted out to soldiers of the A. E. F., special consideration should always be given to the railroaders—those men upon whom the troops relied for transportation of ammunition, of food and of all the requirements of an army. Except for change of uniform and of equipment, thousands of men from our railroads here at home found themselves filling the same jobs in the A. E. F. After working with the comparatively huge

American equipment, handling the French engines and cars must have taken them back to childhood play and that must have been true particularly of the men assigned to narrow-gauge railways—we believe the French called them "decauvilles"—found near the front lines.

Legionnaire J. R. Lawton of Watertown, Wisconsin, permits us to use the picture of the engine and crew of one of the "toy" French railways and tells us:

"The picture I enclose shows a train crew of the 21st Engineers



The toy French engine and crew of a narrow-gauge railway from Abbeville up toward Montfaucon in the Argonne, operated by the 21st Engineers. From the left, Conductor Lawton, Fireman Poiser, Engineer Crawford, Brakemen Ward and Loper, and three poilu friends

so that every officer and man in the Division might have one. They were distributed through channels."

The message in the General's card read in part: "To the Officers and Men of the 79th Division: This, the second Christmas in the life of the 79th Division finds you far from home and

Light Railway, which operated up in the Meuse-Argonne sector. It was taken at a little French operating shack between Esnes and Montfaucon by a French soldier. Our terminal was Dombasle, almost due west of Verdun, while Abbeville, just south of there, was another terminal we operated.



This view of Dun-sur-Meuse, captured by the Fifth Division, was taken by a German photographer. The photographic plate was one of four found in that village by Karl P. Kohler when his battery, D of the 323d Field Artillery, passed through on November 10, 1918, en route to Ecurey

"We took over these lines sometime in October, 1918, and operated them with the French engineers until the Armistice, after which our outfit went up into Germany and resumed standard gauge operation.

"The Frenchmen with whom we worked were good fellows and were always good for a drink or two of vin rouge any time we happened to stop there.

"In the picture from left to right are the conductor, which job I held, Fireman Poiser, Engineer Crawford and Brakemen Ward and Loper. Regretfully, I do not remember the names of the three Frenchmen who complete the group. I wonder what became of the rest of our crew. I hope they will see this picture and report to me."

LAST month we presented for the enjoyment of the Then and Now Gang a picture and story of a most unusual war souvenir—a cup bearing the picture of the late Field Marshal von Hindenburg. It was proof that occasionally souvenirs far from the usual run of German uniform buttons, "Gott mit Uns" belts, helmets and such like were discovered by lucky souvenir hounds. Now we can add to the list of out-of-the-ordinary mementoes. Our contributor is Karl P. Kohler, Americanism Chairman of Anglaize Post at Wapakoneta, Ohio, and exhibit A is the picture of the village of Dun-sur-Meuse, France, which is displayed. The picture is one of a group which Kohler sent to us with this letter:

"I am enclosing four pictures which are very exclusive and as far as is known have heretofore never been published, not even in Germany. I acquired the plates from which the prints were made in this manner:

"While a private first class with Battery D, 323d Field Artillery, 32d Division, our outfit was moving forward to Ecurey, France, our last station during the fighting. When we passed through the village of Dun-sur-Meuse on November 10, 1918, I

found four photographic plates which I carried with me. The following day, while in position at Ecurey, we received orders to cease firing—the Armistice had been signed.

"I succeeded in keeping the plates and brought them home with me. Prints were made over here after I returned and disclosed what you see. The plates had already been developed when I found them and I assume that the Germans had developed them themselves and probably never had any prints made of them before they were forced out of Dun-sur-Meuse. Captions are on the back of each picture. I prize this collection very highly inasmuch as the plates have been destroyed or lost and these prints are the only ones in existence."

On the back of the picture we reproduce we find: "A view of Dun-sur-Meuse at the time of its occupancy by the Germans and as it appeared when we passed through it on the night of November ninth, two days before the signing of the Armistice."



IN INTRODUCING General Tasker H. Bliss, Chief of Staff during the World War, later American representative on the Supreme War Council and after that one

of our delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference, Frederick Palmer in his article, "The Unknown General," told a story to show the wholesome simplicity of the man. It had to do with the General's visit to the commissary at Brest, France, to buy a pair of boots, of the shock of the soldiers employed there upon seeing a four-star general, and of the general's "Thank you" to a buck private after having been served.

That part of Frederick Palmer's story brought from Theodore E. Syman of Denver, Colorado, who identifies himself merely as "formerly sergeant, A. E. F.," this letter:

"In your story, 'The Unknown General,' in the September Monthly, you told of an incident in the commissary at Brest. I happened to be the sergeant there when General Bliss came in that day and so know what happened. (Continued on page 63)

Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 13)

guest of honor on my right and on my left the Secretary of War.

Downtable somewhere among the big brasshats was our new chief, the unknown Colonel Churchill. As we learned later he had been in France since January, 1916, serving as a military observer with the French armies in the field until April, 1917, when he was made executive officer of the American Military Mission. In June he joined the General Staff, A. E. F. From August, 1917, to January, 1918, he was attached to the Air Service; then he became acting chief of staff to General March, who commanded the Army Artillery in France until he was made Chief of Staff and recalled to Washington. General March had acquired a great respect for Churchill and put him at the head of the Intelligence work.

COLONEL CHURCHILL had been very busy abroad, but we desk-sitters had not heard of him. All we knew was that our revered Van Deman was being ousted from the service he had created. We were ourselves his creations and we regarded Churchill with resentment. We felt that something was being put over on us.

The air at the banquet was full of mutinous smoke until I introduced the Secretary of War. He paid Colonel Van Deman one of those exquisitely worded tributes for whose felicity and sincerity Newton D. Baker has always been famous. He furthermore assured us that Colonel Van Deman had been given the trip to France as a special reward and in order that he might return to his command with a clearer knowledge of the problems abroad. With all positiveness the Secretary of War solemnly promised us that Colonel Van Deman would return to M. I. D., and soon, and as a general.

He never returned to M. I. D. and he was not made a general until nearly ten years after the war was over.

It is characteristic of Van Deman that when he is asked what happened, what dirty work at the crossroads caused this robbery, he denies that there was any evil intention anywhere:

"It was just one of those things. What Secretary Baker promised he intended to perform, but circumstances changed and it just never came about."

However that may be, on the night of the banquet the Intelligence officers were made happy by the War Secretary's pledge, and we gave a warm welcome to the supposedly temporary stop-gap, young Colonel Churchill. He further won us by his glowing eulogy of Colonel Van Deman, his extreme modesty and his warm appeal for our co-operation during his brief tenancy. He himself was entirely convinced that Van Deman would return.

So we bade our colonel an affectionate au revoir—and an envious one, because we all wanted to go to France with him.

In a few weeks came a bolt from the blue: M. I. B. was made M. I. D. and Colonel Churchill was made a general. By this time he had won such respect that he was not even suspected of having any hand in the transaction. That he was helpless in the matter I was completely convinced. It chanced that on the day when he received his promotion I worked at my desk until nearly midnight and then went up to ask him for some special instructions. Practically all of the officers and clerks had long since deserted the big building and I found Churchill alone in his office, his military coat hung over the back of a chair, his spurred boots gripping the chairlegs, his shirt sleeves rolled up as he pounded a typewriter in the stifling Washington midnight air. He turned to me and said:

"Hughes, I'm working on the most difficult letter I've ever had to write. Would you listen to it and tell me what you think of it? As you know, they've given me the stars of a brigadier. You know and I know that they belong on Van Deman's shoulders. But being a soldier I can't refuse the promotion and tell my superiors to give it to another man. What can I say? It would be insubordinate as well as ridiculous to write a criticism of my superiors for making me a brigadier. Yet I can't keep silent about Van Deman's rights. I've got to let him know that I know he's been robbed and I get the benefit. It's the damndest most delicate situation I was ever in. To say that I'm sorry to be made a general would sound like the rottenest hypocrisy; yet I am sorry. I am ashamed to take Van Deman's promotion and I've been trying to make it clear to him in a personal letter. Tell me what you think of it."

He read me what he had written and it struck me then and haunts me still as one of the most exquisite expressions ever written, the meekest yet manliest of tributes, honoring equally the writer and the recipient. Van Deman has since told me how much it touched him.

CHURCHILL, like Van Deman, was a Harvard graduate, taking his B.A. twelve years later. He was—is—a master of English and I had the privilege of selling a short story for him to *Collier's Weekly* in later years when flattering fate took a sudden spite against him. After the Armistice he went to France with about thirty Intelligence officers who were specialists in the resources and populations of various nations. They formed part of the American Military Commission in the peace negotiations. In 1920 Churchill was relieved of his temporary commission as brigadier general and restored to his original rank. He was decorated with the

D.S.M., England made him a Companion of the Bath, France made him an Officer of the Legion of Honor, Italy a Commander of the Order of the Crown.

Oddly enough Van Deman received the very same honors, but he stayed in the Army and retired as a major general. A few years after the war was over, Churchill went to a banquet one evening with his former executive officer, Birch Helm, and some mysterious thing, perhaps something poisonous in the food, struck them both into a coma, giving rise to a condition that lasted nearly a year, leaving them both in that state of unutterable lassitude which characterizes sleeping sickness. Churchill had to leave the Army, being retired as a colonel.

He had always been a marvel of ruddy health and vivacity, but when I saw him long after his attack he was weak and timorous as a sick girl. Writing his signature was a terrifying and exhausting ordeal. Speech was difficult, and he was in a state of complete dismay and prostration. But, thanks to the infinite tenderness and patience of his wife and to his own indomitable courage and grit, he slowly dragged himself out of the living grave and is now an executive in a large institution.

AND now, having briefly described the two men who created and perfected the service of Military Intelligence in this country, I might devote a thick volume to the immensity of the work and its multitudinous phases, but I knew so little of them that I can only tell a bit of what I saw myself. The bulk of the service, of course, was concerned with the prevention of enemy activities at home, and the discovery and frustration of everything that could thwart or hamper our preparation and efficiency. But one of our countless tasks was the preliminary training of Intelligence officers for duty overseas. There was a constant stream of them pouring through Washington on the way to France. We stay-at-homes watched them come and go with a sense of tragedy in the denial of opportunity for foreign service to ourselves.

Even of the West Point graduates, only one-third reached France and only one-third of those who got there ever reached the front. Washington was thronged with Regular Army officers who had gone through wars and battles and the worse ordeals of army boredom, only to be prevented from crossing the ocean for the big fight. They were the most heartbroken souls I ever knew.

It was a gradual impairment of hearing that threw me out of the line. My deafness is of that sort which lets me hear better than the normal in a noise, and I pleaded that during a bombardment when acute ears were deaf I could probably hear what the Kaiser was (Continued on page 38)

Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 37)

whispering to Ludendorff in Berlin. But no such pleas availed.

I had been commanding a company in the 69th New York when the call came to Mexican Border service. I managed to sneak past the inspectors and go with my regiment to Texas, but, after three months of sitting on cactus, sweating and swatting scorpions, I resigned and came north.

Adjutant General Louis Stotesbury asked me to come to Albany and help him with the tremendous tasks involved in getting the New York State troops ready for the World War. For many months I served as an Assistant to the Adjutant General while the State enlisted, uniformed, equipped, camped and drilled thirty thousand troops.

ONE day during a trip to New York I ran into Franklin P. Adams, the famous columnist, F. P. A. He was in a captain's uniform and would soon be in France. I bewailed the fact that after all my years of drudgery on drill floors and in camps and all my study of tactics and strategy, I was stuck at home. He said:

"Why not come to Washington and work with the Military Intelligence?"

"What's that?" I said in an abysmal ignorance shared with most of the nation. He described Colonel Van Deman's little band and I went at once to Washington for an interview, was invited to join up and soon commissioned captain.

It was midwinter when I took a house at Washington, and getting coal was one of the chief problems. People stood outside the Coal Administration building in long lines begging for heat. It is hard now to realize the scramble for everything, the clutter and the chaos.

I remember one night at a Childs Restaurant in Washington when I received a stack of buckwheat cakes with a thimbleful of maple syrup. On pleading for more syrup, even offering to pay for it, I was deluged with a lecture by a waitress who squared off and parroted a long speech about the maximum sugar content. Just to emphasize her point she spilled a cup of hot coffee all over my uniform. It had the maximum cream content in it.

Those were strange times when nearly everything that concerned our lives was regimented, and we cheerfully accepted minimum of coal, sugar, syrup, wheat, what not. Nearly everything was "Hooverized" then and we were proud of our sacrifices. Today when we are going through an almost greater war on depression, the Hooverites denounce regimentation as a foul attack on rugged individualism.

When I joined the Military Intelligence section there were about seventy-five officers in it and it was housed in the War College's beautiful building out at the tip of the peninsula in the Potomac. The first

task they set me was reading and summarizing daily reports on the work of those rugged individualists, the I. W. W. 's.

The files of the M. I. D. were also swelling with a torrent of reports on persons of all sorts who were suspected of German sympathies or of virulent pacifism. These grew into hundreds of thousands. We had access also to the British records.

The British Military Intelligence had accomplished wonders. Long before the war broke out they had learned who the German spies were in London, and on the outbreak of the war in 1914 they simply closed in on them and for a long time kept the elaborately organized German spy-system in a state of utter confusion. They had kept close tabs also on Americans dealing with Germany before we entered the war.

During our neutrality it had been of course perfectly legitimate for Americans to carry on business with Germany, but afterward many of them showed more loyalty to Germany than to the United States. Few of them could have realized the fatherly interest we took in them or how many unsuspected ghosts were haunting their homes, their business offices and their communications.

Yet, thanks to the fact that Military Intelligence was presided over by so gentle and kindly a soul as Colonel Van Deman, there was a minimum of infringement of liberty and an almost complete absence of the official cruelty that characterizes all war. As I will show later, Colonel Van Deman had to restrain many hot-heads in his own department who longed to get out and make a lot of "examples," shoot and hang and imprison, and who were fairly sickened by his substitution of efficiency for ferocity. In a country so filled with foreign-born citizens there was danger of the wholesale massacre of innocent patriots who were unlucky enough to have German names or dialects. To amazing numbers of Americans during the war everybody with a foreign look or accent was a German spy who ought to be lynched first and tried afterwards. War brings out the tribal instincts and our country has its mob-moods. But we held them pretty well in check during the World War.

ON OCCASIONAL evenings, Colonel Van Deman called all the officers together for general discussions of our multifarious problems. On one of these evenings we heard a speech by a young officer who had just returned from an inspection of the whole Mexican border. He described how carefully we had tried to close it against leakage of people or messages, yet how wide open it was at certain spots. He was a red-headed young man and he made a very red-headed speech, indicting the Mexican people

wholesale as altogether pro-German and strongly urging that traffic with them should be entirely cut off and the border hermetically sealed against telephone or any other communication.

His ardor and his eloquence fired the audience and it seemed to be the unanimous opinion that we should treat Mexico as our open enemy. Just before the meeting closed something forced me to protest. I apologized for my presumption as a newcomer, but begged to say a good word for Mexico. I quoted General Grant's statement that the Mexican War was the most unjust ever waged and the historical fact that we had stolen vast territories without any other excuse than the helplessness of our adversary. I had served at the Mexican Border in a region where the Mexicans far outnumbered our settlers; that region was as sacred to the Mexicans as Alsace-Lorraine to France, and, in their eyes, as illegally held by us. I argued that Mexican ideals and customs were as dear to them as our own to us, and that they could as easily be won to friendship by common courtesy and fairness as they could be driven to enmity by a continuance of our contemptuous brutality toward them. Small as the Mexican populace was, it had the courage to fight us, and I pleaded that the border, instead of being closed, should be thrown wide open like the Canadian border and that every effort should be made to convince the Mexicans of the reasonableness of our cause and the righteousness of the war. It was the worst of strategy to drive Mexico into alliance with Germany when a little common tact and justice would win her to our side. Aside from any other questions it was bad business to buy an enemy at great expense when you could get him as a friend for nothing.

I WAS amazed by the passion of my own words and still more amazed when the assembled officers applauded and approved my plea. Colonel Van Deman warmed my heart with words of praise, and the proposal to make a Chinese Wall along the border was voted down.

It has always seemed to me that the best justification of our own patriotism is a recognition of the patriotism of alien peoples, and I next found myself arguing for the Poles. Poland was then only a memory as a nation, an old bitter memory and a faint new hope. A so-called Polish National Committee, headed by Paderewski, constituted what might be called a nation *in futuro*. This Committee was an ally that had no home but hoped to have one. Paderewski had won the enthusiastic support of President Wilson. He was already reconstituting crushed nations and changing the map of Europe with results so far-reaching that we do not yet know their end.

Paderewski and his fellow countrymen

were organizing, equipping and drilling troops recruited from native Poles who were outside the American draft. But they were meeting with intense opposition from other Poles who were pacifists or politically opposed to the doctrines of Paderewski. Especially bitter in their attacks on Paderewski and in opposition to recruiting were a group known to us as "K. O. N." from a Polish title meaning a committee of national workers. Radical labor elements were involved, and some of the extremists resembled our I. W. W.'s.

K. O. N. made life miserable for Paderewski and his associates, and published various newspapers denouncing the war and all participants in it. They protested that Paderewski was a great pianist, but ought to stop at that, though as a matter of fact he proved himself a man of astounding information in political and military conditions. He has shown himself to be certainly one of the greatest of modern statesmen. Yet, like all other great patriots, he had his fierce critics, and once when I boasted to an eminent Polish scientist, "I am told that I saved Paderewski five times from committing suicide," he punctured my vanity with a sneer: "You did Poland a questionable service."

It chanced that I had acquired a special interest in Poland from having studied the language and the history during the writing of a novel concerning a Polish pianist in America. Paderewski had been very kind to my sister and brother when they were studying music in Paris, and he had chosen for his personal aide the artist Sigismond de Ivanowski, who was one of my closest personal friends.

One day one of our captains—we were nearly all captains—this one was a New York lawyer to whom had been assigned one of the Polish feuds against Paderewski—met me in a corridor and broke out in a diatribe:

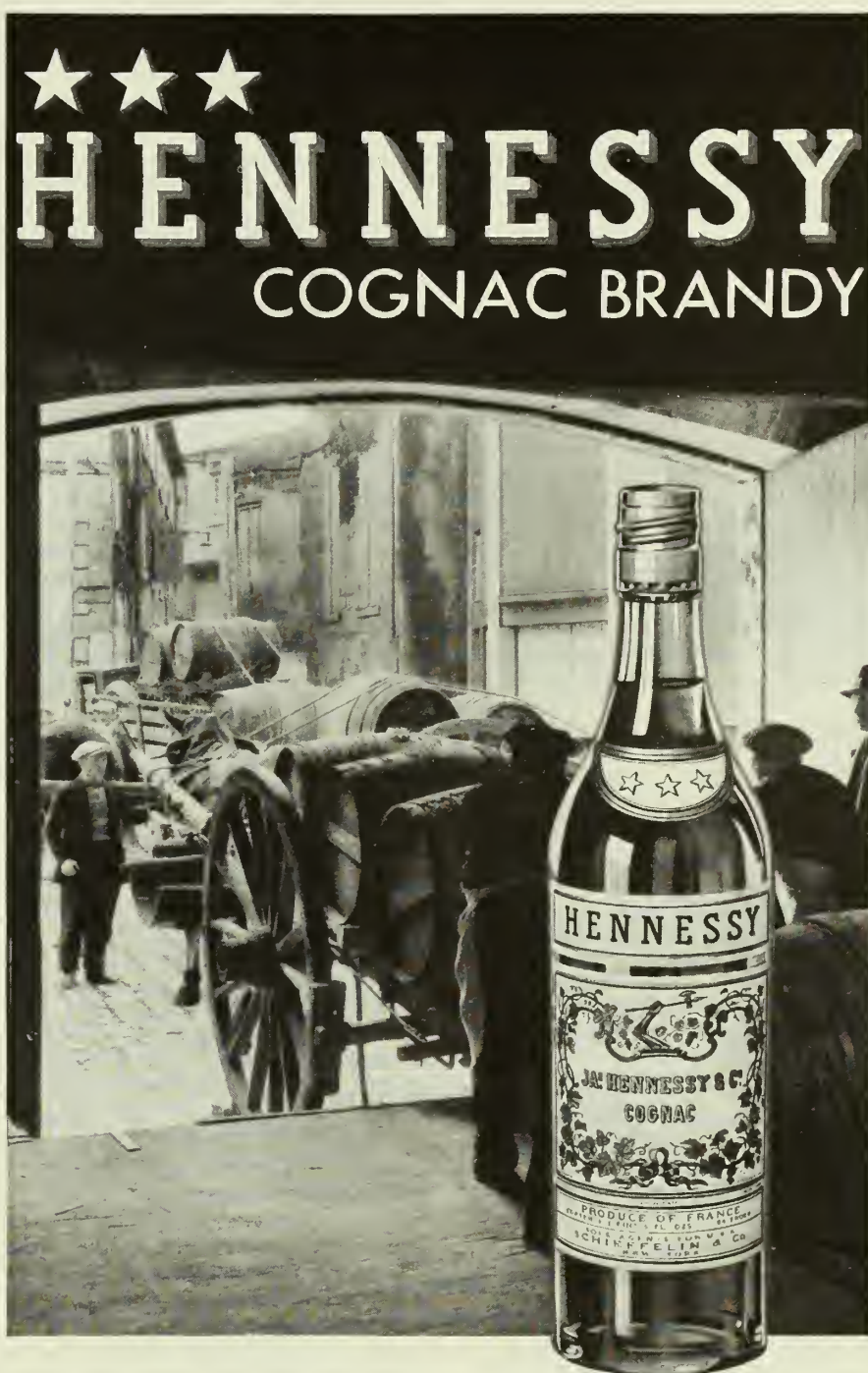
"I'm sick of those damned Polacks! They can't agree among themselves. They're always quarreling, wrangling, accusing one another. I'm in favor of throwing the whole bunch out and letting them cut their own throats without bothering us any more until they can agree on what they want."

"It's hard for us Americans to understand such people," I said. "We always agree about everything. We never have any political disputes, or parties, or factions. Our history has been one long, sweet song. We never had any Tories, or any traitors. We never had a Civil War and shot at each other or anything like that."

And so on, for a couple of minutes.

"Aw, you go to hell!" he said. But he got the point and decided not to throw out the Poles. In fact he told me all he knew about matters of which I knew nothing, and permitted me to sit in with three Polish editors who were conducting a vicious campaign against Paderewski and warning Poles against enlisting with the Polish Legion. Those three made a strange group, one tall and morbid, one fat and oily, one (Continued on page 40)

JANUARY, 1935



Since long before the French Revolution, the vinegrowers of the picturesque Charente region have been bringing their choicest "crus" to the House of Hennessy. Here the spirits' youthful vigor is left to mellow slowly in oaken casks through the long silent years...some for almost three-quarters of a century. Today, Hennessy can claim the oldest, largest and finest stock of naturally matured brandy in the world. Only Time can produce that wonderful bouquet, rich mellowness and "clean" taste that make Hennessy Brandy the preferred liqueur all over the globe. Distilled, matured and bottled at Cognac, France.

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Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 39)

small and dapper. When I questioned their Polish patriotism, the fat one pointed to the lean one and cried:

"Iss he not patriote? Sree times the Rossians have had him on the gallows and let him go."

I inflicted on him and his colleagues another of my gas attacks:

"I apologize for doubting your patriotism, gentlemen. You are doubtless the true patriots, and Paderewski is doubtless the traitor. But he is doing one thing that interests us. He is enlisting men and sending them to France and they are shooting Germans. Anybody who helps us shoot Germans is our friend.

"Fifty years from now your country will doubtless recognize that you had the right idea and that Paderewski was a scoundrel; but so long as he organizes troops we are all for him; so long as you hinder him you

are in our way, and we're going to put you in jail where you can't interfere. Some of the noblest men in history have been thrown into dungeons. Please understand that we put you in jail with the greatest respect."

They seemed not to like the idea, but I went on:

"Unless you sign a solemn affidavit to publish not one line to discourage enlistments, into jail you go, and in jail you stay till the war is over. Your reward will come fifty years from now when your high ideals are realized; but just now we are in the dirty business of winning a war."

They not only expressed a great eagerness to sign such affidavits, but they embraced me and invited me to lunch. I didn't go with them, but we saw that they kept their word; for part of the gigantic machinery of the Military Intelligence read all the

foreign newspapers, periodicals and books.

One of the results of this little clash was that all Polish affairs drifted my way and I was made liaison officer with the Polish National Committee. I grew to have a kind of secondary patriotism for Poland, and when the war was over and the first minister came over to this country from the new nation I was the only American invited to the first banquet. I made a speech in Polish; that is, I counted slowly from one to twelve in Polish numerals, to the intense bewilderment of the audience, then added in Polish: "Do you understand Polish? Not in the least." Then I paid tribute in English to the great race that had kept its national love alive for a hundred years of persecution by the three nations that had fallen on it and divided it among themselves.

(To be continued)

Hilda of Sun Prairie

(Continued from page 9)

all the information he desired. With the laconic directness of his people he wasted no words on questions, but poised himself for a gargantuan swing at Harden's jaw. But his elbow was grasped from behind, and Hilda's wrath was turned to terror as another dread policeman interposed himself before them.

"That'll be enough from you two," he began, and then stopped short as Harden flourished a Federal badge nervously before his eyes. "What's all this about?" he went on in a changed tone. "You after this dame too? . . . Move along now, all of ye," he roared at the gathering crowd. "Nothing to see here. Git along!" The crowd responded after the manner of such crowds, by becoming larger and more immovable then ever. Harden rapidly explained the situation, as he saw it. This was one of two women he had trailed in from Wisconsin. The other was even now in the hands of a co-worker who was checking up on her story. This one was to have been detained while the checking was in process, but she seemed to have got away. Or maybe, Harden concluded hopefully, the other woman's story clicked after all, and this girl had been released. The policeman shook his head.

"Not!" he pronounced. "Your pal just phoned in to have this woman held if she showed up here, so I guess he must have found something on her friend. Who's this other man?" The two turned to Oxel, who was shifting his weight uneasily and furtively sizing up Hilda as he tried to break in on the conversation.

"Mebbe I'm her feller," he seized the opportunity to explain.

"Whadja mean mebbe?"

But this was beyond Oxel's loquacity in

English, and he could only smile appeasingly, to Hilda's disgust with such a fish-worm protector.

"You ban hellova-feller," she began scornfully, but the policeman interrupted.

"How long have you known him?"

It was Hilda's turn to be nonplussed. If she denied knowing him, all was over. If she didn't, would he play up?

"I only yust met up wit' him," was her dubious compromise.

"Here? Just now?"

Hilda nodded distressedly.

"Can you tie that?" asked the policeman of Harden. Harden couldn't. "Well," the policeman concluded, "I'll have to send her to the DesPlaines Street Station till your pal reports. That's his instructions, an' if there's any bull made, it's up to him."

But Oxel moved forward in alarm. "She's alright, mister," he pleaded, "I coom to git her, an—"

"Lissen," interrupted the policeman with menace in his voice, "I got no orders about you, but if you don't shut your trap and scram out of this I'll take you to the police station wit' her on me own hook. This way, lady," and he seized Hilda's arm.

But the fatal words "police station" were too much for Hilda's shaky poise. She howled lustily, jerked free from the unprepared officer and plunged into the crowd. With an oath the policeman plunged after her, Oxel following with pleas of mercy in his wake. The uproar filled the cavernous waiting room, and two other officers rushed in to quell the riot. Between the three Hilda was borne screaming and struggling to the woman's room to wait for the wagon again.

Harden had stepped quietly aside when

the confusion began. Even the hurried and haphazard training he had received had ground into him the importance of staying under cover and never revealing his position. He regretted that he had been compelled even to betray himself to the policeman. His job at present was to remain quietly out of observation until he heard from his fellow worker again. The new turn of events however, decided him to call the Chicago office for instructions, and he was about to seek a telephone when for the second time he tripped over Hilda's suitcase, forgotten in her flight. And beside it lay the gaudy bag, containing the solution to all this hullabaloo, as Harden would speedily have discovered for himself if he had been an older hand at his craft. But the honor of the campus, not of the manhunter, still was with him, and he simply gathered up the poor belongings and made his way toward a waiting room bench to await developments. Half way across the floor he was confronted by Oxel, breathless and belligerent, with eyes aflame.

"You feller! Gimme my girl's t'ings."

"Quiet now! I'll take care of them," cautioned Harden, glancing anxiously around and desiring above all things to avoid another scene.

"Naw yu' don't. I take 'em. You give 'em here!" threatened the other.

"I'll see that she gets them myself. You saw my badge, didn't you?"

"I do'n' want yer badge. You gimme them t'ings!" roared Oxel, and a few passers-by edged up curiously.

"All right," agreed Harden with sudden cunning. "Come with me." Again he crossed the waiting room, Oxel following him doggedly. Unexpectedly he stopped

before the checkroom window and thrust Hilda's belongings into an attendant's hands. "Check these," he ordered, flipping down a quarter. Then he turned to his adversary, who had stopped, utterly taken aback by this maneuver.

"Now," said Harden quietly, "her things are safe. I can't touch them and you can't, till she comes back. You stay right here and if anyone but your girl tries to get them, you call a cop and have 'em arrested." Then he made his way to the entrance, where Hilda was shrieking her unhappiness to the world while three perspiring policemen loaded her into the patrol wagon. He thrust the checks into the wagonman's hand.

"These are for this woman's baggage," he said. "It's checked here. Turn them over to her at the station house."

"I'll hand 'em to the Sarge," replied the wagonman, looking at them uncertainly.

"Fine," answered Harden, and returned to his seat in the waiting room. At the checkroom window Oxel stood guard with mastiff patience, and fixed an unswerving stare upon Harden, who let him stare. He felt he had handled the situation rather neatly.

Not so Hilda. She recollected her baggage just before the patrol wagon reached the station house, and her wails brought the usual flock of station loungers and hangers-on clustering to the entrance. She wept unappeasedly as the policeman brought her before the sergeant's desk once more.

"What in the name o' the jumpin' Jaheezabel's happened now?" that astounded functionary wanted to know as he recognized Hilda.

"Federal case. Investigation. I don't know nothin' 'cept I was told to watch for her at Northwestern Station," replied the cop wearily.

"But she's been sent in here once a'ready, an' I let her go," roared the sergeant. "That dam' Federal dick er someone's sent in the wrong woman an' there'll be hell to pay if we don't lay off her. What's it this time, sister? Did you find yer boy-friend?"

"I dunno," sobbed Hilda. "I want my t'ings. They ban stole 'em."

"Naw they ain't," interjected the wagonman, laying the checks on the sergeant's desk. "Some bird checked her stuff, Sarge, an' gave these to me."

The matron was sent for, and when Hilda was sufficiently quieted the sergeant coaxed from her the latest chapter of her adventures. It left him more than a little worried, and when he found that Oxel had actually appeared, only to be torn from her side by the strong arm of the Law, he was angry as well. "That guy must be a bird. He's balled his whole case up an' doesn't know it, an' he's fixin' a billion million damage suits for hisself," was his final judgment. Carefully he explained to Hilda the mysteries of the baggage checks, and sent for another taxi. But Hilda would not wait for taxis. She clutched the precious checks that represented her years of toil-tortured past (Continued on page 42)



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cover that beard...
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Hilda of Sun Prairie

(Continued from page 41)

as well as her dreams of the future, ignored the expostulations of the sergeant, and darted down DesPlaines Street for the station with the instinct of a homing pigeon.

Thus it happened that she was well on her way when a taxicab halted suddenly beside her and Conlon jumped out, jubilant over this lucky meeting and with malice in his heart toward whoever had let her go without his knowledge. Hilda shrank away from him in terror, but when he ordered her into the cab she obeyed without resistance. Her spirit for the moment was broken.

THE sergeant's spirit, however, was far from broken when Hilda reappeared, this time in the clutches of a man who displayed a Federal shield as he demanded to know what kind of cwop'ration was this anyway, where they turned loose a dame he'd asked 'em to hold, soon as his back was turned fer Gawd knew he'd trusted the Chicago police to do its duty, an' just by luck he finds her running the streets alone, all set to get him up to his neck in damage suits for the rest of his life, and mebbe get Washington to declare war on Chicago.

The incensed sergeant listened in a kind of speechless stutter until the orator paused for more breath, and to renew his request for information as to what kind of cwop'ration this was anyway. Then he supplied that information. He leaned dizzily over his high desk and shook his fist under the Federal man's nose, while he gave his minute opinion of a gov'ment that would let a bunch of rat-brained salary snatchers roam over the countryside pickin' up decent dames and scarin' off their sweeties. His description was neither accurate nor unbiased, but the honor of the Chicago police had been outraged, and besides he was excited. The representative of Federal law replied in kind, and without waiting to hear the end of his local brother's views. An awe-struck circle of policemen and station attendants drew around, to listen fascinated to a display of station-house forensics that became a classic in midwestern police circles. The renowned Webster-Hayne argument was flaccid beside it, for neither of these gentlemen had ransacked docks, slums, sailors' boarding houses, opium dens, jails, gambling joints and brothels for twenty years in unconscious preparation for their supreme effort. In the midst of his highest point of lurid invective the sergeant turned dramatically to point to Hilda—and Hilda wasn't there!

The debate ceased with no verdict rendered. The air was punctured by the blasphemous queries of the two debaters, and tortured by the chorus of receding alibis as the audience scattered wildly in all directions, in search of the girl who had slipped through their fingers while they were giving heed to their superiors instead of to their duties.

Hilda's technique of escape had been simple enough. In fact she was not aware of escaping at all. As her captor released his hold on her elbow to emphasize a particularly vital point with his clenched fist, an absorbed policeman had edged in between them. She humbly made way for him, and was promptly crowded to the edge of the circle, which pushed her further back as it enlarged. Then behind her she observed the open door, with no one between. Beyond that door shone the street which led to her bags, her money and her Oxel—and this trinity had the sole right of way in her single track mind. So Hilda set off rapidly for the station, with only the lengthening shadows of the dying afternoon to throw black bars across her path.

She sighed with relief as she passed again through the stately portals of the great Northwestern Station, which now seemed a familiar, friendly spot, although a railroad station inherently is the most chameleon-like place in existence. Its color changes with the arrival of every train. Crowds were surging through the gates, even as Hilda had seen them first, but they were new crowds, urged forward by the evening shift of gatemen and police who knew nothing of the afternoon's happenings. Only Oxel remained, staring malevolently across the throngs at Harden, who was weary, bored and vastly uncertain what to do. Nothing in the very sketchy instructions that had accompanied his assignment seemed to bear on the situation. He had telephoned the Chicago office, but the official there knew nothing of the case—as Harden's fellow-worker devoutly hoped he never would—and he could only advise Harden to stay where he was and "keep in touch." In touch with what?

Then he caught sight of Hilda again, anxiously scanning the various service windows in search of the checkroom. What did this mean? If he could approach that dumb ox and get her to listen before she assaulted him, he decided, he might at least find out what had happened to her. Cautiously he started toward Hilda. Oxel saw him move, and then saw Hilda also. This time he determined to take no chances. He yelled and waved wildly at a passing policeman as he charged forward, and the policeman naturally followed.

HILDA heard the shout—with the rest of the waiting room—and saw Oxel, with the puzzled policeman about to overtake him. She shrank back in panic and encountered Harden, who had been the starting point of all the trouble she had faced that day.

She started to run, and found herself looking into the shining, triumphant face of Miss Joy, with another policeman in tow. Like a trapped animal she darted for the door, just as the breathless Federal man

entered from the street, took in the situation at a glance, and strode toward her.

Hemmed in on all sides, Hilda no longer ran. She stampeded. She tore through the amazed commuters with the lumbering sprint of a frenzied elephant while her pursuers, one and all anxious only for peace and reconciliation and the promise they would not be sued, gave chase. Down the full length of the waiting room the impromptu hippodrome proceeded, until Hilda darted through an opportune side door. A long line of taxicabs stood without. Recognizing in a hysteria of relief the likeness of one of them to the familiar "deepo cab" of her home town, she plunged into it and slammed the door.

"You drive away by here," she shouted to the chauffeur, and the latter, recognizing an emergency when he saw it, promptly got into motion.

"Where to, lady?" he asked after the taxi had cleared the station without incident.

"You go on. I tell you wann you stop," gasped Hilda. She was exhausted with fright and the strain of the day, and half blinded by tears and dust. Of the causes and connections in the day's hectic chain of events she still was as completely ignorant as when she had left Sun Prairie that morning. She sank back on the pillows and panted, while she essayed to mop her tear-stained face with her handkerchief—an attempt which revealed that she had no handkerchief, but only the check for the handbag which contained it, along with all her savings.

"HEY! Stop!" she called to the chauffeur. The cab pulled up to the curb. Its owner opened the door, glanced at the meter and waited expectantly. Hilda got out and stared dismally around her.

"Sixty cents, lady," suggested the chauffeur.

"I ain't got it," confessed poor Hilda.

"Huh?"

"I ain't got my pocketbook," she explained, trying to reduce to simple English the obvious facts. "Dose odder people, dey give it to some odder people, and some odder people won't let me git it from de odder people."

"Look here now, lady," interrupted the chauffeur. "I want my money. I got work to do."

"Mister, I pay you a lot van I get away by dose odder people—"

"You quit stallin' and pay what's on the clock right now! I saw you was in a hurry to git away from the deepo, an' I could have stung you proper. But I didn't. I played square. Now, do you play square too, or do I call a cop?"

The allusion could not have been more unfortunate. Hilda's shattered nerves revolted again and she began to moan hysterically. A score of passersby had already

stopped to listen, and out of the group arose the inevitable citizen with a surplus of chivalry and a prognathous jaw, to ask the chauffeur what-the-this-and-that he meant by insulting a lone lady. The chauffeur tried at first to assert his rights. Then, as Hilda's moans became shrieks and some sidewalk romanticist started the catchy idea that he was a taxi bandit, or possibly a kidnapper interrupted in his fell work, he tried to end the argument by driving off. But by now the crowd craved a more dramatic finish. It surrounded the cab and sought to prevent the innocent chauffeur from entering it. The day's third miniature riot in defense of Hilda's virtue was getting well under way when the ranks of the besiegers were violently split asunder and a competent, well muscled policeman appeared. The chauffeur sighed with relief. The effect on Hilda was quite opposite. She braced herself against one citizen's shins, dug her elbows into another's stomach, and made a flying dive into the taxi. She scrambled out the other door and darted into the deepening dusk, while the crowd cheered this gallant escape from a fate worse than death and the policeman strove successfully to save the gratified chauffeur's life. Everybody happy.

At midnight the turmoil in the restless Northwestern Station was at its ebb. Commuters' trains were gone, and only a thin stream of wayfarers straggled through the echoing waiting room, or out to the sleepers of the nearly vacant trainshed, many of these stopping to retrieve grips, coats and umbrellas from the checkroom window. Toward this window, during a slight lull in business, crept an exhausted, bedraggled young woman who tried furtively to watch all directions at once, and who started nervously at the sight of the attendant's brass buttons as she timidly offered two crumpled checks. The attendant took the checks, almost illegible with the wear and tear of the day's events, and held them close to the light while he deciphered them. Then he retired to his own cavernous depth while Hilda waited with fearful hope.

He returned with a battered, alligator-mache suitcase and a worn handbag whose stamped leather gaudiness age could not wither nor custom stale. He shoved them nonchalantly across the counter and turned to light a cigarette. Like a tiger upon her restored cubs, Hilda pounced upon her property. She tore open the gaudy handbag, flipped impatiently aside a letter and photograph now devoid of any interest to her, and groped, hoping against her fears. Then with a choking sob of relief she pulled forth a grimy roll of five and ten dollar bills and hugged them unbelievably to her bosom.

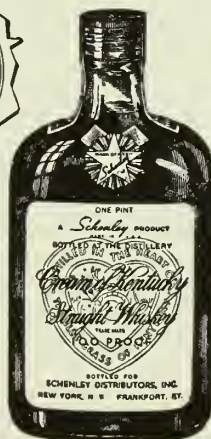
Overhead a loud-speaker began a long polysyllabic jargon, meaningless to Hilda until one name tattooed an ecstatic symphony on her eardrums. "Sun Pra-a-rie" it droned. Hilda's body responded with galvanic energy. Seizing her retrieved baggage she loped to the trainshed.

"Where to, lady," called an attendant.

"Sun Prairie. (Continued on page 44)



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ripe and rich that folks
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Kentuckians, noted as
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FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY
SILVER WEDDING GIN

Hilda of Sun Prairie

(Continued from page 43)

Please, mister can I go along on this train?"

"You gotta hustle! Last call! Gotcher ticket?" Hilda shook her head despairingly.

"Well, pay on the train then, lemme have yer grip." But Hilda wrenched the suitcase free from his hands and continued to lope down the trainshed. She fled past the gate tender and clambered aboard the dimly lighted coach.

With a straining groan the train pulled out. Hilda's nerves resumed their bovine calm. Still clutching her property she nodded into a well earned rest, just as Harden also closed his eyes in the sleeper

fifty feet behind her, as Miss Joy slept the sleep of the virtuous just in her own speckless chamber, and Oxel, after a ruminative fifty-mile drive across the Illinois prairies drew the coverlid over himself, with a sigh of relief to reflect that he could resume a contented bachelorhood after his narrow escape from a woman who seemed to be wanted by all the police in the world.

Only the Federal man remained awake, drowning his sorrows in a Madison street speakeasy as he told a stray newspaper man this saga of a prairie Brunhilda, who in one lightning descent upon the city had

scrambled the efforts of two governments and a powerful charity, and managed to get herself arrested four times in the process without once appearing on a single record or leaving a trace of her passage. Had she known it, he concluded, she had laid the foundations of a wall of damage suits that would have permitted her to buy the city of Chicago.

But Hilda never knew. She snored comfortably to the rhythm of the flying train. Virtue remained triumphantly ensconced, and the world rolled on toward another day.

The First Line of Support

(Continued from page 28)

in his address, stated that it was his "special privilege to congratulate you upon the things you are doing day by day and year by year in our gigantic task of service. You have lightened our burdens by your magic touch of faith." The Auxiliary dime, he declared, meant dollars for the disabled—as represented by the \$25,000 contribution to the Legion's rehabilitation work, to which was added \$7,000 to the national child welfare fund, and \$3,000 for Americanism work.

Mrs. C. Richard Allen presented the report of her Permanent Organization Committee in which the following convention committees were designated: Credentials, Rules, Resolutions, Constitutional Amendments, Finance, Americanism, Rehabilitation, Child Welfare, Community Service and Unit Activities, Education of War Orphans, Fidac, Music, Poppy, Trophies, Awards and Emblems. Thus can be seen the vast amount of serious work that accompanied the numerous and varied social activities in which the delegates participated.

The report of the Credentials Committee, presented by its Chairman, Mrs. Edwin E. Ashby, Department Secretary of New York, certified the delegate strength of the convention as 716, which included the National President, Past National Presidents, National Vice Presidents, National Chaplain, National Historian and National Committeewomen representing the Departments.

With a glowing tribute to his ability, to his high patriotism, to the vast amount of work he had accomplished, to the high regard and admiration in which her organization held him, Mrs. Biester presented to her convention National Commander Edward A. Hayes. In his stirring address, the National Commander said, "Would that I could convey the ideas which I would like to impress upon the minds of you of the Auxiliary whose minds are more important to the future of our beloved

America than are the minds of those of us of the other sex. . . . You mold the character of the men and the women who are to be leaders of thought in our nation in the future. . . ."

He complimented in unmistakable terms the great executive ability of National President Mrs. Biester, her great knowledge of the Legion's program and problems, her assistance to the Legion in formulating its policies, her contribution to the Four-Point Plan, her work for national defense and the full-hearted co-operation that had been received from her and her organization.

The National President then presented her predecessors in office in the order of their service to the organization. First came Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, elected at the First National Convention in Kansas City in 1921. Then Mrs. Franklin Lee Bishop, Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, Mrs. J. W. Macauley, Mrs. Robert Walbridge, Mrs. Lucy Boyce Ficklen, Mrs. Donald Macrae, Mrs. Frederick C. Williams and Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn. A silent tribute was paid to the late Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, the only Past National President who has passed on. A message of greeting from Mrs. Wilma Hoyle, the only Past President who was not in attendance, was read.

The first session ended with greetings brought by Sam R. Heller, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the 40 and 8, by Mrs. Faustine Dennis, National President of the Women's Overseas Service League and Miss Marjory M. Cormack, National Commander of the Yeomen (F).

Social events had preceded the opening session and plenty were in store to occupy what few spare hours the Auxiliary women had from their well-filled program. On the Sunday of convention week, the Fidac breakfast was held at the impressive, modernistic building on the shores of Biscayne Bay which houses the Pan American Airways; then came a tea for the convention's

pages at the Legion Home in Coconut Grove, followed by the Past Presidents' Parley dinner in the Coral Gables Country Club, the Department Secretaries' dinner in the Miami Biltmore, climaxed by a reception for National President Mrs. Biester, in the Spanish Room of the headquarters' hotel.

On Tuesday, sessions were suspended so that the Auxiliary might witness the annual parade of the Legion, although committees were active throughout the day preparing for the two succeeding business meetings of the convention. There were numerous informal parties, sightseeing trips, and visits to the beaches.

Notwithstanding the garden-party air of gayety that surrounded the Auxiliary convention, there was important work to be accomplished and the delegates met their duties squarely under the skillful and pleasant guidance of Mrs. Biester, their National President. Their magnificent program of service, of patriotism and of community help had long been established, so much of what transpired was largely a report of continued progress and of reaffirmation of policies and of ideals. True to the purpose of the organization, actions taken by the Legion convention were endorsed and fully supported by the Auxiliary. Because of the vast amount of business transacted, the program adopted can be only briefly summarized.

Following the opening ceremonies on Wednesday, Mrs. Pat Allen, American Vice President of Fidac Auxiliary, reported the advances made by that inter-allied association of women. More than 5,000 Fidac programs had been given by Auxiliary units, more than ten thousand high school students had participated in the annual Fidac essay contest. As Chairman of Fidac, Mrs. Allen also presented the report of her committee. The report of the Rules Committee, presented by Chairman Mrs. Blanche Robinson was read and

adopted, while National Vice President Mrs. O. W. Hahn occupied the chair.

The five National Vice Presidents who had served with her were introduced to the convention, as were the other national officers and the members of the national headquarters staff, by National President Mrs. Biester. She lauded all of them for their splendid co-operation during her busy year in office. The quartette of Argonne Unit of Des Moines, which had placed first in that classification in the Music Contest which had been held in the Miami Biltmore Hotel on the preceding Sunday, sang during a lull in the consideration of reports.

In the Music Contest, among the quartettes that of Boyce-Houser Unit of Keyser, West Virginia, placed second, and the Vincennes (Indiana) Unit, third. The Auxiliary glee club contest was won by the Milwaukee (Wisconsin) County Carollers, with the Vincennes, Indiana, club second, and the George N. Bourque Unit Glee Club of Waterville, Maine, third. The trio championship went to the Alexander Bradley Burns Unit of Downers Grove, Illinois, the Vincennes, Indiana, trio second and that of the Tenley Lopez Unit of Willcox, Arizona, third. The sextette from the Vincennes (Indiana) Unit was awarded first prize in its class.

On the morning of parade day, Tuesday, the Aloha breakfast was held at the Pan American Airways restaurant. This group is composed of all the first Department Presidents of the Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, first National President. Of this group of fifty-two Department Presidents, only twelve were in attendance at the breakfast reunion.

The membership report, submitted to Mrs. J. H. Morrow, chairman of that committee, contained many helpful suggestions for the renewal of Auxiliary memberships and the obtaining of new members. These suggestions, in the form of various contests, were obtained from the various Auxiliary Departments.

Mrs. Charles Miller, National Vice President for the Southern Division, succeeded Mrs. Hahn in the chair. Her first presentation was that of Mrs. James Morris, Poppy Chairman. Her report included the fact that during the 1934 campaign, 8,388,000 veteran-made poppies had been sold—an increase of more than a million over the previous year's sale. Veterans engaged in the manufacture of the Auxiliary poppy earned more than \$80,000 this past year. The winner of the poppy poster contest in the high school group was announced as Verma Levenhagen of Manitowoc, Wisconsin; in the elementary school classification, Maxine Wittsack of Spokane, Washington.

With Mrs. Biester again in the chair, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggan MacDowell presented her year's report as National Secretary. Mrs. MacDowell told of the increased demands made upon National Headquarters because of the general distressful conditions (Continued on page 46)



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The First Line of Support

(Continued from page 45)

throughout the country and how these demands were met through the efficiency of her staff. The co-operation of all Department organizations was commended and the inspiration offered by the National President acknowledged.

Although the election of national officers is always held on the final day of the convention, in accordance with the Auxiliary's national constitution and by-laws, nominations are made twenty-four hours before the vote is cast. On the roll call of Departments, Arkansas yielded to Minnesota. Mrs. Halsey D. Cory placed in nomination Mrs. A. C. Carlson, a charter member of Austin-Hahnstan Unit of Willmar, Minnesota, one of the first to be organized. After telling of Mrs. Carlson's service to her unit, her district and her Department in high offices, her service as National Vice President for the Northwestern Division and her appointment by three National Presidents to the important chairmanship of the National Child Welfare Committee, she added, "Minnesota's candidate possesses excellent executive and organization ability, a gracious and dignified personality, a wholesome friendliness and a sane breadth of vision."

The Department of Alaska yielded to the Department of Washington. Mrs. Frank Laughbon presented the name of Mrs. Malcolm Douglas of Seattle Unit, who helped to organize that unit, the first in Washington, and served as its first President. Again was given a splendid record of service to the organization. The nomination of Mrs. Carlson was seconded by New Hampshire and Wyoming, while Connecticut, Kentucky and Nevada seconded that of Mrs. Douglas. Both of the nominees were presented to the convention by Mrs. Biester.

In a concise speech outlining the long service given to the Interallied veterans auxiliary by Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Pennsylvania, who was present at the organization of Fidac in 1920 and of the Fidac Auxiliary in 1925, Past National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn nominated Mrs. Thompson as United States Vice President of Fidac. There were no other nominations.

Mrs. Biester called upon the five National Vice Presidents to place before the convention the names of the five women who had been selected in divisional caucuses to succeed them in their respective divisions. They were, for the Eastern Division, Mrs. Jonathan E. Wheatley of Maryland; the Southern Division, Mrs. Tom Gammie of Oklahoma; the Northwestern Division, Mrs. W. Francis Smith of Wyoming; the Western Division, Mrs. Charles V. K. Saxton of Utah; and the Central Division, Mrs. Myron Miller of Kansas. The selection, in caucus, of the five National Vice Presidents is equivalent to election as the unanimous vote of

the convention is cast on the last day of the sessions by the National Secretary.

The reports of the National Treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, and of the National Historian, Mrs. Clement D. Johnston, were accepted and approved. With National Vice President Mrs. O. W. Hahn occupying the chair, National President Mrs. Biester submitted her recommendations to the convention. They included a request for full support by each Department of the National Defense Conference to be held in Washington, D. C., the latter part of January; the consideration of the standing National Finance Committee of



all bids for large purchases of materials or supplies; that the Radio Committee be made a major activity of the Auxiliary and that the National Finance Committee find funds whereby an American Legion Auxiliary Hour on the Air might be arranged either weekly, monthly or quarterly, according to funds available. The several recommendations were accepted.

In the report of Mrs. Frank B. Emery of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Americanism Committee, were a number of new suggestions and recommendations. They included authorization for the Auxiliary to collaborate with the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies whose meeting had been attended by Mrs. Julia Cantacuzene Grant, Chairman of National Defense; a ratification of the resolutions adopted at the 1934 Woman's Patriotic Conference on National Defense which covered such subjects as immigration, citizenship, unemployment registration and constitutional powers of Congress; and a recommendation that organization of a permanent conference of societies and associations meet annually on September seventeenth to commemorate Constitution Day.

Stressed in the report of the Community Service, Unit Activities, Trophies, Awards and Emblem Committee, presented by Mrs. Lucy Boyce Ficklen, Past National President, were the recommendations that library extension, so splendidly furthered during 1934, be made the major

national community service project for the ensuing year, and that a leisure-time program for children, especially older boys and girls, and safety education be considered as projects worthy of national emphasis.

After Mrs. Elizabeth Drendell, National Vice President, assumed the chair, the prize-winning trio from Downers Grove (Illinois) Unit sang for the convention, and Mrs. Jennie Vene Smith of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, and National Commander Alfred Edwin Stacey of the Grand Army of the Republic brought greetings from their respective organizations.

One of the major activities of the Auxiliary was treated in the report of the Committee on Child Welfare and Education of War Orphans, of which Mrs. A. C. Carlson was Chairman. Some of the principal recommendations adopted were that the national organization separate the Education of War Orphans program from that of the Child Welfare program; that the usual amount, \$500, be contributed to the Paris (France) Unit for child welfare work, with an additional \$500 made available, upon proper authority, if required; that the important work of providing scholarships for war orphans be continued; that Department officers and child welfare committees be instructed to co-operate with local agencies to bring about better handling of juvenile delinquency cases; that the organization reaffirm its support of the Federal Child Labor Amendment.

Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, Chairman of the Constitution and By-laws Committee, gave a first reading of a proposed change in the By-laws providing that annual dues shall be payable on October twentieth of each year for the ensuing calendar year and designating the dates on which members would be considered delinquent and suspended; also a change in the constitution regarding eligibility, providing for two classes of membership—the "senior" to be the active group composed of members over eighteen years of age; the "junior" to consist of those under eighteen years whose activities would be supervised by the senior membership, the juniors to be automatically admitted to senior membership with full privileges upon reaching eighteen. Upon the second reading the next day, these amendments were approved.

The report of the National Defense Committee, submitted by its Chairman, Mrs. Julia Cantacuzene Grant, as adopted, included recommendations regarding the building up of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Merchant Marine; the encouragement of aviation, including commercial aviation; for the use of armories at schools and colleges by the R.O.T.C.; full affirmation of actions taken by the National Defense Conference and complete agreement with the program adopted by the Legion.

It was also resolved that an appropriation in the amount of \$5,000 for educational purposes in the furthering of the National Defense and Americanism program, be made.

In her words of welcome to the Auxiliary, of which organization she is also a member, Mrs. William E. Ochiltree, National President of the American War Mothers, after reporting the work her group had done for the service man, made a special plea for help for the needy mothers of veterans.

The Poppy Committee's report, read by Mrs. James Morris, chairman, included recommendations that Departments do not conserve left-over poppies for future sale, because of the great benefit to disabled veterans who each year can earn a considerable sum of money from their work in making poppies; that the Radio Poppy Barrage be stressed in each Department as a great stimulus to the sale; that publicity of the Poppy Sale and Poppy Poster Contest be obtained through dissemination of material through national and state teachers' magazines.

After a brief report from Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, National Chairman of the Past Presidents' Parley, Mrs. Alice Gordon, National Chapeau of the Eight and Forty was introduced to bring the greetings of her organization. Outlining the advances of this subsidiary of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Gordon stated that eleven new salons had been organized, that through efforts of her members, 6,789 members had been obtained for the Auxiliary and almost 300 for the Legion, and that the Society had, by delegation of the Legion, carried forward its program on "Tuberculosis—Its Care and Prevention," through maintaining children in health camps, sponsoring clinics, working in tuberculosis hospitals and in many cases taking complete charge of sales of Red Cross Christmas seals.

Following the session, Mrs. Biester was hostess at a cabaña party at the Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club at Miami Beach. Then on Wednesday night came the climax to the social activities of the convention—the annual States Dinner. In keeping with the al fresco arrangements, the dinner was held in the vast Seminole Arbor of the Miami Biltmore Country Club—an outdoor banquet hall picturesque with its background of palms, its artistically decorated tables at which twelve hundred delegates and guests were grouped by Departments, its subdued lights lending aid to a full Southern moon which swung overhead.

All of the Departments competed for the prizes which are offered each year for the most artistic, the most historic and the most characteristic table decorations. To the Department of Kentucky, on whose table yellow chrysanthemums were combined with blue tube-roses and small silver jockeys, indicative of one of the State's great interests and activities, went the prize for the most artistic table. Hawaii won the prize for the most characteristic—a miniature Hawaiian native village; Pennsylvania, the most (Continued on page 48)



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The First Line of Support

(Continued from page 47)

historic—a replica of Independence Hall, and an additional prize for the most patriotic display, with a theme of national defense, went to Connecticut.

The guests of honor, including present and past national officers of both the Auxiliary and Legion, who formed an escort for National Commander Hayes and National President Mrs. Biester, the hostess, formed an impressive procession down the center of the arbor. While the standing rule of no speeches was abided by, a novelty was presented by Mrs. Biester in the form of serenades for each of the Past Presidents by the delegates and guests of their respective Departments. Clever parodies based on popular airs had been prepared.

Election of national officers and consideration of additional committee reports were in order when the final session met on Thursday. Mrs. William G. Suthers, National Radio Chairman, told of the splendid progress made by the Auxiliary throughout the nation in gaining publicity for their various activities through obtaining the co-operation of radio broadcasting stations. A definite program for development of the use of radio was outlined and adopted, including suggestions that funds be made available to cover certain expenses. Her participation in the organization meeting of the Woman's National Committee on Radio was described. The National Music Chairman, Mrs. Rupert Smith, made report of the contests and announced the winning groups, which have been listed in this story.

The important report of the National Finance Committee was presented by its Chairman, Past National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn. It included a recommendation that due to the small donations received from Departments for the child welfare program, each Department donate ten percent of its poppy sales proceeds for this purpose; action to restore to the Departments of Hawaii, Panama and Alaska payment of transportation outside the continental United States for delegates to national conferences and conventions, and confirmation of the Child Welfare Committee resolution contributing certain funds to the Paris (France) Unit.

Mrs. Whit Y. MacHugh, Chairman, submitted the recommendations of the Rehabilitation Committee which included continuance of the Christmas Program whereby disabled veterans in hospitals are remembered with gifts by the Departments in which they are located and family contact service is carried on; continuance of Auxiliary participation in the National and Area Conferences on Rehabilitation; a contribution of the usual sum of \$25,000, presented to the Legion during the past six years, to be obtained by a ten cents per capita tax on Auxiliary members; full support of the Legion's Legislative and Rehabilitation program for 1934-5.

Just before the roll call was begun for the casting of ballots for National President, Mrs. Malcolm Douglas of Washington asked to be recognized. From the stage she addressed the convention, requesting that her name be withdrawn as a candidate for that office and that the National Committeewoman of her Department move that the unanimous vote be cast for Mrs. A. C. Carlson of Minnesota. She made this request in the interest of good fellowship and harmony. Upon a motion of Mrs. Laughbon to this effect, it was carried and Mrs. A. C. Carlson thus became National President, after the National Secretary cast the unanimous vote of the convention. In similar manner, the United States Vice President of Fidac and the five National Vice Presidents were elected.

As is customary, the report of the National Legislative Committee, presented by Mrs. Melville Muckleston of Illinois, was largely a confirmation of the actions taken or to be taken by the Legion in convention assembled. It was unanimously adopted. In the report of the Resolutions Com-



mittee, brought to the convention by its Chairman, Mrs. Lester Merritt, was included a recommendation that the Legion be petitioned to consent to a change in the Auxiliary constitution, whereby the latter organization might become an hereditary society; a resolution thanking the convention cities and State and all persons connected with arrangements for the Fourteenth National Convention of the Auxiliary; a resolution commending the retiring National President, Mrs. Biester.

The Trophies, Awards and Emblem Committee's report, read by Mrs. Beatrice S. Gilliland, Chairman, showed that the Biester Trophy had been won by Pennsylvania for the greatest membership increase in Departments of over 10,000 members; the Polles Trophy by Indiana for the most constructive Fidac program; the Cheney Trophy by Oklahoma; the Doyle Trophy by Michigan; the Hobart Trophy by Tennessee; the Hobart Junior Trophy by Panama; the McKay Trophy by Alabama; the McKay Junior Trophy by Panama; the McKissick Trophy by Alabama; the

Toomey Historical Trophy by Illinois; the Townes Trophy by Panama; the Wirtz Trophy by Panama. The Library Award went to Jasper (Indiana) Unit. The Fidac essay contest prizes were won by Harry Terhune, Martinsville, Indiana, first; Beatrice Y. Black, Washington, D. C., second, and Viola Andrus, Blaine, Washington, third. The essays for the 1935 contest of Fidac will be prepared on the subject, "How can American youth co-operate with American Legion and Fidac to remove the profit from war, as an aid to world peace."

Mrs. Biester resumed the chair, after having escorted the new National President, Mrs. A. C. Carlson, for presentation to the Legion convention. She requested permission to record in the proceedings her personal thanks to all those who had contributed to the success of the convention, and unanimous consent to write a citation of appreciation to Colonel Doherty of the Miami Biltmore Hotel.

After National President Mrs. Carlson was escorted to the stage by representatives of her Department, Minnesota, Department Commander Otto Messner of Pennsylvania was introduced. He recalled that after Mrs. Biester's election, he had had the honor of presenting her to the Auxiliary convention in Chicago. He added, "We from Pennsylvania presented to you at that time Mrs. Biester. We are taking back with us now the greatest leader of the greatest woman's organization in the world. We in Pennsylvania have been greatly honored." As a gift from his Department, he gave to Mrs. Biester a handsome diamond ring.

The installation of the new national officers was conducted by Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, Past National President, who presented Mrs. Carlson the badge of National President. Past Department Commander M. F. Murray of Minnesota, who was one of the Minnesota party who escorted Mrs. Carlson to the stage was introduced and in his remarks said, "We in Minnesota know that The American Legion Auxiliary gives to Tess Carlson the same co-operation that you have given to other Presidents of this great organization, and when she lays down her tools a year from now, you will write another page of constructive history in the book of The American Legion Auxiliary."

After tributes from various Department and Past Department officers of the Legion and Auxiliary of Minnesota, Mrs. Biester presented the new National President, Mrs. Carlson. In her speech of acceptance, Mrs. Carlson said "To every member of The American Legion Auxiliary throughout the length and breadth of these great United States will be given my sincere interest to the advancement of our program. I will vindicate the trust that has been reposed in me and I will fulfill the obligation that that trust entails."

National President Mrs. Carlson called a meeting of the National Executive Committee soon after the convention adjourned and the following national officers, nominated by the President, were re-elected: Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, National Secretary; Mrs. Cecilia Wenz of Indiana, National Treasurer, and Mrs. J. J. Doyle of Ohio, National Chaplain. Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Nebraska was elected to succeed Mrs. Clement Johnston of Virginia as National Historian.

In the Pourvoir National of the Eight and Forty, held in conjunction with the Auxiliary national convention, the following officers were elected for this year: Mrs. Mary McClung of Alabama, Le Chapeau National; Les demi Chapeaux: Miss Alice Hawkins, New York; Mrs. Nannette Palardy, New Jersey; Mrs. Margaret Delles, Illinois; Mrs. Renee Smith, Florida; Mrs. Genie McGlasson, Nebraska, and Mrs. Idona Ross, Idaho; L'Archiviste, Mrs. Thelma Bailey of Michigan; L'Aumonier, Mrs. Theodora Armington of Rhode Island; La Concierge, Mrs. Lorraine Ellwell of Ohio. Mrs. Dorothy E. Hartung of Portland, Oregon, was re-elected La Secretaire Nationale.

In a happy vein, Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, Past National President, presented to Mrs. Biester her colors—the national standard and the Auxiliary national banner under which she had served—after which the retiring President was escorted from the stage by William H. Biester, Jr., her husband, and a delegation of Donald T. Shenton Post of the Legion of Philadelphia of which he is Past Commander—the same group that had escorted Rae Biester to the platform in Chicago when she took up the duties of National President a year previously.

Christmas Carols

(Continued from page 25)

had not appeared, and that, despite a written statement from her, a representative of the Board had gone to the house to trace me up. "Indeed," my mother added, "the Board man arrived just as I was packing your Christmas box!"

The record of Christmas observance at Chaumont would not be complete without reference to the Government's special war insurance for service men. Christmas afternoon I ran into one of our cooks. He was all pepped up about the insurance proposition and hammered away at its advantages. My next letter home carried this entry: "Celebrated Christmas by taking out a \$2,500 insurance policy." The cook was right; it was a good proposition, and I never regretted it, though I did grudge the precious francs it took to pay the premiums.

This then was Christmas in Chaumont in 1917. Scarcely a doleful picture, is it? Indeed, as I look back across the memories awakened by those war letters, the Chaumont observance looms up rather like a pre-war

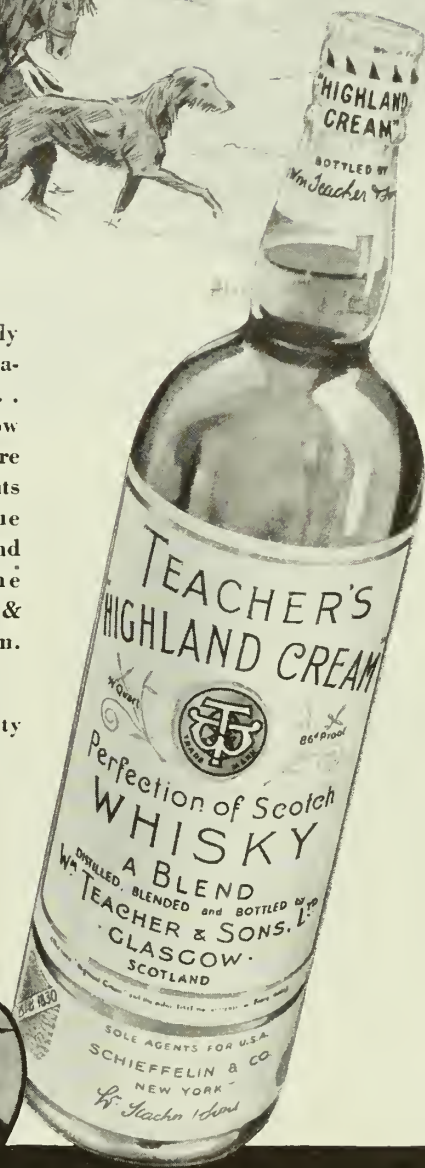
(Continued on page 50)

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Two Christmas Carols of The A. E. F.

(Continued from page 49)

Christmas. Both in mood and detail, the celebration bore considerable resemblance to a normal American peace-time holiday.

Which is logical enough, too, when the A. E. F. status at that time is considered in its broader aspects. Generally speaking, overseas service at that time was just getting into its stride. The task that the A. E. F. had gone to France to consummate belonged to future months. And the great and grim days—the days of Château-Thierry, of Belleau Wood and the Argonne—these were, as yet, a tale untold.

And if we find little real war in the picture of the 1917 Christmas, what shall be said of the 1918 Christmas, when there was no war at all? Peace? Oh yes. Of course. The second A. E. F. Christmas was a peace-time Christmas—nominally, at least. However, peace has its tribulations no less than war. As we shall see. Come back with me to St. Nazaire—and don't forget your rubbers. It was raining, of course. And as usual, the roads were muddy. All through early December the Americans at the port were chafing and growling. The war was over—why didn't they send us home? And we would read our weekly copies of *The Stars and Stripes*. Soon there came an issue, containing Roy Baldrige's famous cartoon, "The Hardest Fight of the War." Well, that cartoon epitomized the state of mind of the troops at St. Nazaire, all right. There we were, like Baldrige's soldier, waiting to go home.

Christmas at St. Nazaire was a dizzy, restless session, with soldiers doing anything and everything to get their minds off the one obsessing thought: "When do we go home?" Day by day we would see troopships leave from the St. Nazaire docks. More soldiers were going home. And more

—and more! They lined the decks of the departing vessels, waving at us and yelling at us. They all wore a big grin—the grin that doesn't come off. One letter I wrote home a bit before Christmas time carries this entry: "Miss Margaret Wilson was at St. Nazaire and gave a concert." However, it must be admitted that the visit of the President's daughter didn't interest us nearly as much as did the announcement printed in a current issue of *The Stars and Stripes* that the A. E. F. newspaper had stopped taking subscriptions.

Gosh, what a stir that news caused! I was St. Nazaire correspondent for *The Stars and Stripes* at the time, and the hilarious eagerness with which every American in the area greeted the news seemed scarcely complimentary to my paper. But—what matter?—those were no days for compliments. "The Stars and Stripes has stopped taking subscriptions!" This message spread like wildfire from camp to camp. It greeted me wherever I went; now at Camp Montoir, next among the Chicagoans at General Dawes's own outfit, the Seventeenth Engineers (Railway). "The Stars and Stripes has stopped taking subscriptions!"—here was proof, final and conclusive, that the war was over, and soon we would all go home. The non-coms at the 17th Engineers camp were so tickled about it when I visited their camp that they invited me for Christmas dinner.

And what of Christmas Day itself? Well, the A. E. F. personnel at St. Nazaire observed the holiday in various ways. A number of soldiers took advantage of the post-Armistice freedom as regarded passes, and chased off to Paris or Nantes. A considerably larger number ate Christmas dinner at local restaurants, and spent the

rest of the time at the docks, studying the sailing lists of troops that were scheduled to go home. Others enjoyed the hospitality of local French families.

The majority, however, and that included myself, had Christmas dinner at camp. I decided to take the Seventeenth Engineers at their word, and promptly at noon on Christmas Day, I showed up at their mess-hall. A cordial welcome and a good old American meal were awaiting me. Indeed, that dinner did much to compensate for the mud and homesickness and other objectionable features of Christmas, 1918. It was a royal spread.

Incidentally, I learned at first hand of the high regard in which General Dawes was held by his subordinates there. And the outfit included at least one astute political prognosticator, as the following story proves. When our Christmas dinner had reached the cigarette and story stage, the General's name came into conversation, and started a round of comment. Soon one of the sergeants turned to me.

"Mark my word," he said earnestly, "Dawes is a comer. He's going to do big things when he gets back to the States. I wouldn't be surprised to see him President!"

A little later I said goodbye to my non-com hosts, and returned to St. Nazaire. In the afternoon I found myself, with numerous other soldiers, down at the docks once more. A transport was loading up, and we could hear soldiers on the decks singing:

"Oh, it's home, boys, home,
It's home I want to be—"

This famous bit of army doggerel was the Christmas carol of our second and last Christmas in the A. E. F.

And they sang it with a will.

1934 Miami—St. Louis 1935

(Continued from page 21)

by Dr. Thomas H. Healy, Legionnaire dean of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University—his theme, the Legion and national defense. Another address by Frederick Steiwer, United States Senator from Oregon, champion of the disabled service man. There were introductions of distinguished guests: M. Victor Beauregard, who presented France's ribbon and medal of the Legion of Honor to National Commander Hayes; Captain Vincenzo R. Vedovi, representing the Italian Government, who invited the Legion to hold a future national convention in Rome; Assistant Secretary of War and Legionnaire Harry Woodring, and Mrs. Woodring; United States Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, sponsor of legislation for the disabled; the heads of the G. A. R., United

Spanish War Veterans and the Army and Navy Legion of Valor; Scott M. Lawton, president of the American Bar Association, Dr. H. L. Smith, president of the National Education Association; Sam R. Heller, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight; Legionnaire Olin D. Johnson, governor-elect of South Carolina; the 78-year-old father of the National Commander, Michael Hayes of Decatur, Illinois, and other members of the National Commander's family.

Five thousand Legionnaires returned to their hotels to apply remedies for sunburn, bought on the way sun glasses and American Legion tropical helmets to fortify themselves for the remainder of the convention.

The business sessions of the convention

were held on Wednesday and Thursday in the Olympia Theater, close to the hotel district. No session of any Legion national convention is ever dull. Miami's afforded all the diversity which the convention veterans of many years could have asked for. On both days, the Legion punctuated its serious business with impromptu entertainment, spur-of-the-moment comedy from the floor and gallery, grew sentimental and emotional on occasion, turned to laughter when debates threatened to become acrimonious.

National Commander Hayes presided most of the time during both sessions, demonstrating again the parliamentary skill and scrupulous fairness which have won for him the Legion's admiration and extraordinary regard.

On Thursday Commander Hayes called to the rostrum Mrs. O. L. Bodenhamer of El Dorado, Arkansas, widow of Past National Commander Bodenhamer, and with her the eight-months-old son born after his father's tragic death. Commander Hayes held the child in his arms as he introduced him and his mother to the convention and paid a tribute to the memory of the father, the victim of a Texas oil-well explosion. Nearly everyone in the hall was in tears.

A few moments later, everybody was laughing at the zeal displayed by a delegate from Pennsylvania who stood up in the front row and seconded, in a deep voice, every resolution which came along.

The adjusted compensation debate had been well advertised in advance. Every newspaper in the country had been publishing speculations upon the Legion's probable decision. Early in the convention news came from the convention committee on legislation that the bonus sub-committee was deadlocked in disagreement over the character of the resolution to be reported. Later word came that the differences had been adjusted, the recommendations had been agreed to by the main body of the convention legislative committee, but that opponents of payment would wage a fight on the floor against the adoption of the majority report.

Raymond J. Kelly, of Michigan, 1934 chairman of the National Legislative Committee, read the adjusted compensation resolution. It was:

"The immediate cash payment of the adjusted service certificates will increase tremendously the purchasing power of millions of the consuming public, distributed uniformly throughout the nation; and will provide relief for the holders thereof who are in dire need and distress because of the present unfortunate economic conditions; and will lighten immeasurably the burden which cities, counties and States are now required to carry for relief.

"The payment of said certificates will not create any additional debt, but will discharge and retire an acknowledged contract obligation of the Government.

"That since the Government of the United States is now definitely committed to the policy of spending additional sums of money for the purpose of hastening recovery from the present economic crisis, The American Legion recommends the immediate cash payment at face value of the Adjusted Service Certificates, with cancellation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid, as a most effective means to that end."

Speeches favoring the passage were given by delegate Wright Patman, Member of Congress from Texas, leading advocate of payment since the depression began; William S. Pritchard, Commander of the Alabama Department; Charles C. Kapschull, retiring Commander of the Illinois Department, and Walter Crest, delegate from Pennsylvania. John Dwight Sullivan, Commander of the New York Department, spoke (Continued on page 52)



IF THE *Telephone* WERE NOT THERE!

MANY times each day you reach for the telephone on your desk at the office or in its familiar spot at home. It is an old and trusted friend. You scarcely give a thought to what it means to a busy day.

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1934 Miami—St. Louis 1935

(Continued from page 51)

against the resolution. So did delegate William Miller of Wethersfield (Connecticut) Post, who suffered the amputation of both legs in the war. He spoke from his wheel chair on the floor of the convention placed immediately in front of the platform.

On the calling of the roll by States, 987 votes were cast for the resolution, 183 against it. Arizona, Hawaii, New York and Vermont cast solid votes against the resolution. Colorado, Connecticut, France, Maine, Panama and Virginia cast most of their votes against it, and other scattering votes were registered by Florida, Louisiana, Nevada and West Virginia.

Chairman Kelly read also the resolution on the Universal Draft which was adopted unanimously. The resolving clause declared:

"That the speedy enactment of a universal draft law be made a part of the major legislative program of The American Legion and be given a preferred position in such program."

The universal draft proposal was indorsed in another resolution submitted in the form of a statement of policy as a part of the report of the convention rehabilitation committee. This defined also the Legion's position on future legislation for the disabled. In full the resolution, unanimously adopted was:

"In order that the American people may—in the crossfire of publicity sponsored by certain groups and organizations—understand the position of The American Legion as to World War veterans, it is stated as follows:

"The Legion stands as advocating compensation for war disabilities and deaths, with hospitalization when required. It is proponent for hospitalization in federal hospitals for disabilities not service incurred only when it is actually necessary and in cases where the veteran is unable to pay for care privately. This is a privilege granted to all citizens in similar circumstances in private or public hospitals.

"The responsibility for the medical care of the civilian group is in the community; the responsibility for the care of the veteran who fought for the whole people is vested in the federal Government.

"The American Legion seeks only to restore to productivity as far as possible maimed and sickened bodies among the 5 percent of us tolled off to do the fighting for the rest of us. This principle, with minor variations as to plan and procedure, has been America's policy since 1636. The Legion does not seek to place soldiers in a more elevated station than the honorable one they occupy in the hearts of the American people. It merely bends its efforts to restore levels disturbed by war and its collaterals.

"It advocates protection adequate for widows and orphans of diseased veterans

only when these dependents are in need of such protection.

"Beyond its position with respect to disabled veterans, the Legion adheres to the principle of universal service in time of war, contending that only thereby can the inequalities of the burden of war be reduced as between those who served with the armed forces and those who served in civilian capacity.

"We recognize further that no form of legislation can ever reduce the hardships of war or the economic losses suffered by those called upon to defend the nation in combat.

"As to the economic cost of war and the cost of war in human life and human suffering there can be no comparison.

"We advocate a law of universal draft: It will take the profit out of war and thereby aid in preventing war. In the event of war it will equalize the economic and physical burden upon all the people, and it will make our national effort unified and effective. Post-war inflation with its ruinous results will be obviated.

"The National Rehabilitation Committee, after fifteen years of effort to aid stabilization in the aftermath of war, deeply and sincerely advocates the adoption by the Congress of a fair and equitable plan for the utilization of all resources in national conflict; with equal obligation and opportunity for service for all and with special profit and privilege for none."

One other resolution adopted by the convention possessed unusual interest and importance, coming as it did on the eve of the countrywide national elections. It re-defined the Legion's policy of absolute political neutrality and read:

"Whereas, one of the bulwarks of strength of The American Legion is and has been its steadfast refusal to be drawn into partisan, political activities; and

"Whereas, the preservation of the non-political nature of The American Legion is essential to the continued growth and influence of our organization, now therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That we do hereby reaffirm our political neutrality as an organization and direct all American Legion organizations and the officials thereof, strictly and conscientiously to respect and observe the spirit as well as the letter of the political restriction clauses of our State and National Legion constitution and bylaws;

"2. That if and when any American Legion organization or officials violate the foregoing, the appropriate officers of The American Legion shall take prompt and adequate measures to remedy the situation and to discipline the offenders;

"3. That this resolution shall be reproduced in full in The American Legion Monthly for the information and guidance of all concerned."

By adopting the reports of the convention Americanism Committee and the con-

vention Child Welfare Committee, the convention approved two important programs for the coming year which call for the efforts of every post of The Legion.

In succeeding paragraphs, the Monthly summarizes the resolutions, not already described, under the headings given them by convention action:

AMERICANISM

"Resolved, that The American Legion does in the interest of public education, indorse the following five points:

"1. That education, because of its vital relationship to American ideals and institutions, be given special consideration by legislative bodies and not be made to bear a disproportionate share of the sacrifice for economy.

"2. Because of a growing inequality of wealth among the States, certain communities and even whole States are no longer able to offer their children adequate educational opportunities, that federal aid without federal control of educational policy within the States be indorsed as a necessary step to insure adequate funds for public school purposes.

"3. Since the reorganization of industry has made it impossible for a large number of our youth below the age of 18 to be employed in gainful occupation, that both the extension and broadening of school opportunities for such youth be encouraged.

"4. Since shorter hours of employment have given the great mass of people more abundant leisure, it is imperative that greater opportunities for wholesome recreation be provided; since we have in America great facilities for recreation under the control of the public school system, that local boards of education be encouraged and empowered to make a wider use of these facilities for the non-school population of their communities.

"5. That only competent, professionally-trained, and carefully selected teachers be employed, that they be citizens of unquestioned patriotism and advocates of American ideals.

"Be it further resolved, that each post of The American Legion be urged to appoint an education committee, this committee to be constantly watchful of the problems of education, and especially cooperate with school officials in the annual observance in November of American Education Week, with the giving of school awards and other educational activities."

The convention also commended the National Education Association for its efforts to combat the teachings of subversive doctrines in the public schools, and urged that each post, through its educational committees, assist local school officials in preventing such teachings.

The National Americanism Commission was instructed to furnish to all Depart-

ments information regarding subversive activities being carried on in the colleges and universities.

The National Americanism Commission was asked to encourage the formation of a national honor society composed of winners of The American Legion school award.

It was recommended that every elementary and high school open the school day with the salute to the flag.

These other actions were taken:

Each and every post was urged to carry on at least one community project each year, and to make a survey of community needs to determine the project most suitable and feasible.

Establishment of a Citizens Safety Committee was directed to be one of the community projects of the national organization, the Departments and each post, and uniform traffic regulations were urged for all States, counties and municipalities.

Urged that all States require teachers in public and private schools to take the oath of allegiance.

Called upon Legionnaires who are members of certain churches to institute a movement within their religious organizations to curtail all un-American propaganda.

Recommended internment camps for undesirable aliens ordered held for deportation.

Urged the immediate rescission of recognition of soviet Russia.

Recommended that the use of the mails be forbidden to any publication advocating revolution and the overthrow of our form of Government by force or violence.

Requested all States not to afford political rights to the Communist Party.

Asked strengthening of immigration laws and laws relating to employment of aliens in government enterprises, and a federal law for the registration of all aliens.

Indorsed the movement to eliminate salaciousness from motion pictures.

Approved the suggestion that the national organization supply posts and members with a pamphlet giving accurate information governing the observance of patriotic holidays.

Requested that the Americanism program be made the primary activity of The American Legion during 1935 and called for a mass educational program to acquaint the public with the objectives of subversive groups.

CHILD WELFARE

Forty-seven resolutions were adopted, of which these stand out:

Advocating observance of Mother's Day as an opportunity for spreading information on maternal and child care.

Legion agencies to co-operate with public officials to bring about better methods of handling juvenile delinquents.

Legion child welfare agencies to work for a nation-wide survey under the auspices of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, to obtain (Continued on page 57)

COMMON BOYS-GIRLS PICK YOUR PRIZE



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City State

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That Boy, Belgrano

(Continued from page 15)

university education. His father didn't want him around his bank until he had had some banking experience at the expense of the senior Belgrano's competitors, so Frank, junior, became a messenger in the Bank of California, in San Francisco, and worked in the clearing, bookkeeping and transit departments.

He left the Bank of California for a wider field in the First National Bank of San Francisco and resigned that employment to hold up his hand and become a field artilleryman. He cherished a wild ambition to ride a horse.

RIGHT there was where I came into the picture. My Battery had been recruited in San Francisco and was better than ninety percent Irish-American. So the colonel decided that it might be a very foxy move on his part if he gave command of A Battery to another of the mischief-making breed. Which wasn't bad psychology.

Promptly I discovered, among the Macs and the O's, a half dozen Jewish boys. Of course, these fellows were right at home with the Irish. Abie Cohen at once became Pat O'Cohen. Then I discovered half a dozen Native Son Italians, and among them two blonde, blue-eyed types that were to cross my life line repeatedly in days to come. These two were privates: Frank N. Belgrano and Mario Negro. "Hah," says I, looking them over, "no fiery Latins, these. The old blood of the Goths will keep these two cool."

One night in my club in San Francisco, a banker friend said to me: "Peter, you have a soldier named Frank N. Belgrano in your Battery. I want to talk to you about that boy."

He then went on to tell me that my soldier's father was a very dear friend of his. Tragedy had stalked the Belgrano family. There had been two boys, but a year before the eldest had met death by drowning and now, while the grief of that loss still gnawed at the hearts of his parents, Frankie had gone and held up his hand. There hadn't been the slightest objection to this—in fact, if that boy Frankie hadn't seen his duty, his father would have pointed it out to him. However, his mother had acquired the disturbing belief that her remaining son was going to be killed in action and that nothing could be done to avert that fate. I have seen many soldiers acquire the belief that they were going to be killed in action, although they managed to survive. Indeed, I am one of them.

Having explained the situation to me, my friend suggested that I might be a human being and do something to ease the strain on the mother of my soldier.

I said I could lie like hell about it; that, after all, when you scraped the military meringue off me you found a fiction writer. I told my friend to tell the mother of that

boy, Belgrano, that I would make him a bugler; that the bugler (at least one of him) was always the captain's orderly and horse holder; that as soon as the Battery went into the firing position the first thing the soldiers had to do was dig a deep hole for the old man, into which the latter and his bugler-orderly leaped like a couple of bush-rabbits; in this hole they lived in absolute peace and safety, albeit a modicum of discomfort, while the battle raged without. I told him to tell the poor worried lady that captains of field artillery were so valuable that the Army never took a chance on wasting them, because it took so long to educate them. Hence the deep, deep hole into which telephone lines went and the captain plotted his shots on a plotting-board, while the wretched lieutenant-observers 'phoned in the result of each salvo; in one corner the fortunate bugler-orderly worked the field telephone for the old man. It was a swell job and all the soldiers were crazy for it, but the boy Belgrano had already impressed me as a stout fella, etc. etc.

The next day, in the course of his duties, the future National Commander passed me and saluted with a snap. So I stopped him, took the snap out of his salute and substituted the good old slow-and-easy, Regular Army style. I then said (as if I didn't know): "Soldier, what is your name?"

He named himself.

"Belgrano," I murmured, "Belgrano. I should say that name is of Italian vintage. Do you like grand opera?"

He said his musical education had been neglected in favor of a commercial career, but that he supposed he was reasonably fond of music.

"I'm sure of that," I replied. "The Italians are a very musical race. They fairly drip it. As soon as our regimental supply officer can wangle a couple of bugles out of the divisional supply officer, I shall have to nominate two musicians—"

"If the captain pleases," he interrupted me, "I am not musically inclined."

YOU do not have to be," I replied. "In the Army a musician is a nuisance, not an artist. You'll make me a marvelous nuisance. You are young and lusty with lots of chest expansion, and you are just the right height. I could never tolerate a tall musician."

He gave me the dirtiest look I have ever received. For an instant he wanted to kill me. But I pretended not to see that look and his healthy pink boyish face was sicklied over with the pale cast of woe.

"Please, sir, do not make me a musician," he pleaded. "I don't want to be a musician. I'll be a bust. I know I will. None of the family have been musicians. Ever since I graduated from high school I

have been a bank clerk, and I thought, when I joined the Army, I'd have a grand opportunity for fresh air and exercise. I want to be out there in the field with the horses and the guns. I want to drive a team."

"Don't worry, soldier," I replied with maddening cheerfulness. "You will be my orderly and horse-holder and you'll always have a horse to ride, unless mine gets killed, in which case I'll rank you out of yours. The job is not without its compensations. I'll excuse you from squads east and west; all you'll have to do will be to go down back of the barns and tootle under the direction of the principal musician."

"But, sir, I do not want the job," he almost sobbed.

I thought: "God forgive me for what I am about to do to this poor boy. However, it is necessary to insure peace of mind to his mother. His father can't come home every night to do a job of comforting, to dispel an illusion born of grief and mother-love." Aloud I said, in my most captainly manner: "Young man, a soldier has no preferences, but even if he has, it's exceedingly bad taste to express them to his captain. You'll do what you're told to do, soldier, and like it; and never let me hear you giving any back-talk hereafter. You're in the Army now."

THAT boy, Belgrano, looked me right in the eye and with those eyes he said to me: "You can lead a mule to water, but you can't make him drink." With his tongue he said: "Yes, sir, but I most respectfully advise the captain that I shall not, I fear, win any medals for bugling. No man does a hateful job well."

Said I, "Well, by Jupiter, I did once. In the outfit where I was a private, our music went to hospital with dysentery and the company commander handed me the bugle and gave me four days to learn every call in the service. I didn't want the job because I had military ambitions and I had observed that the old man never spoiled a good musician to make a corporal. Nevertheless, I was a pretty good musician, and only went blah once, which was excusable because it was in action and I was scared to death."

"I am not without military ambition," retorted our future National Commander, promptly and more or less insultingly.

"Then take the dirt and take it smiling and maybe that will inspire me to cater to your military ambitions," I replied, very fiercely. I then walked away very rapidly to hide my embarrassment.

Comrades, if a prize of a million dollars had been offered for the most terrible bugler in the United States Army, that boy Belgrano would have won it in a walk. He was simply horrible. I never knew him to blow the simplest and shortest call in

the service—"Forward! March!"—without going blah. No man could have been born with such abysmal musical degradation. Belgrano must have acquired it. One day I shamed the wretched boy, however. I grabbed the bugle away from him and blew a lot of calls with grace notes, the way old Denny Hayes, the principal musician of the old Fourteenth Infantry, used to blow them twenty years before. "There," I said. "I learned the bugle in four days twenty years ago, and I haven't had a bugle to my lips since. Belgrano, you disgrace me."

He bowed his head, but I knew he hadn't the grace to be ashamed of himself.

Well, I stood for him from about the 15th of August to the 22d of December, 1917, and that night the dour top said to me:

"That boy, Belgrano, will never make good with the bugle. He's made up his mind not to. He's driving me crazy. After all, you and I are the only two old soldiers in this National Guard outfit and we shouldn't be hard on each other, sir. Please take the bugle away from that damned boy and let us begin to live. In other ways he's a



The future National Commander as a three-year-old in Fauntleroy costume. Left, young Frank at the age of nine months



good kid; did you hear about his cleaning up So and So the other night?" And he named a buck neither of us was ever going to learn to love.

"Very well, Sergeant," I replied, beaten to the ground at last. "Find me a new candidate for the bugle and I'll make that boy, Belgrano, a private first class. The young rebel has military ambitions."

The top thanked me and proceeded to a discussion of affairs in my supply tent. The first supply sergeant I had made had handled the job about as handily as a bear cub juggling hazel nuts, and I had blooeyed him and substituted one even worse. The

result was that I was now \$650 in the red and some day a board would get around to me, discover the shortage in my property account and nip it out of my little old two hundred a month. And now that I could no longer write for a living, I revered that monthly pay check. So we discussed which one of the line sergeants to hand the supply tent over to and decided they were all too dangerous. The mess sergeant would have filled the bill to overflowing, but he was too precious in his mess job. So it was apparent that I must seek salvation among the corporals.

Now there is one thing you've got to grant an author in the Army or out of it, and that's inspiration. As I left the orderly tent en route to my quarters I bumped into Belgrano. And forthwith I had an inspiration.

"You're a lousy bugler," I told him, "and you're fired."

For that I received the first kindly, friendly, human look that soldier had ever given me. If a pair of wings had sprouted suddenly from under those ruddy jawbones, I would not have been at all amazed. I continued: "I'm in a hell of a hole with my supply tent. Short six hundred and fifty (Continued on page 56)

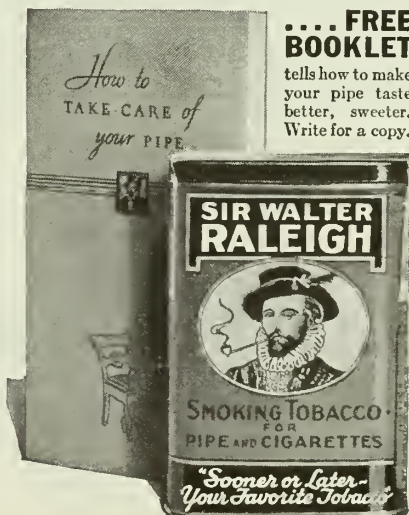
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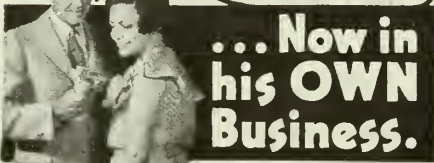


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That Boy, Belgrano

(Continued from page 55)

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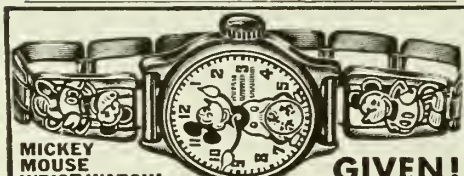
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Numerous Legionnaire References



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dollars' worth of property. I've got to have a new supply sergeant."

"I'm glad to hear that, sir," he replied, "because my kind of people are out of luck with your Irish supply sergeant. You've got to be Irish to get a new pair of socks!" he added plaintively.

"Belgrano," I said, "if I made you supply sergeant, do you think you could get me out of the hole, and ladle out socks impartially?"

"I know I could, sir."

"There's liable to be more or less larceny connected with the job," I warned him. "The stuff's gone away—and it has to come back before the books will balance."

THE boy, Belgrano, was beaming fond affection on me now. "I wouldn't care to take the job sir, unless the captain details as my assistant the man I name." The son of a gun was still choosy!

"You can have a platoon if you need it. Get me out. I do not care how. I'll bust the other fellow and have you made at Retreat tonight. Go get your chevrons and have them sewed on. I daresay you'll want to wear them when you go home for Christmas."

I went over to my tent and wrote his father that his heir had proved himself a failure as a musician, and although I drafted the rules of the Big Deep Hole society and could make them as elastic as I pleased, nevertheless, his son was ineligible for membership, so I had kicked him upstairs and made him supply sergeant. I added that his mother would be pleased to learn that as supply sergeant he would never get within twenty miles of the front. His time would be taken up with digging out rations and ammunition at some railhead, loading same on trucks and sending the stuff up to the lads that did the fighting. Hence, the mortality among supply sergeants was practically all due to senility. I am glad to report that this lie did not register with our hero's smart mother. It didn't have to. She had long ago gotten over the shock that resulted from mothering a soldier and was taking it on the chin and not worrying about it.

The day after Christmas that boy, Belgrano, and his compatriot Private Mario Negro flew at the mess in the supply tent. They organized some sort of card index system of accounting which, naturally, was far superior to the army system, and they worked for three weeks like a couple of bears raiding a bee tree. Then they struck a balance and were fifty dollars in the red. But the captain of B Battery was abusing me foully. It seemed he'd lost a lot of picks and shovels and axes and whatnot and accused my supply sergeant of having stolen them. When Belgrano was charged with larceny (very mildly charged, I will confess), he admitted

it, but justified his crime by stating that he had only stolen back from B Battery what the said Battery had previously stolen from me. It seems he and Negro had been doing some intelligence work of rather high grade.

Well, I went over to the Q. M. Depot one day to try to buy an old issue enlisted man's overcoat, figuring to put the braid on it. While the Q. M. sergeant labored to find me a coat my chauffeur stole an overcoat from stock, because Belgrano had told him we were one shy. That reduced our red ink to \$37.50, and there we stuck until one of my lads went to the hospital with scarlet fever. When he returned, he had a terrible bend in each knee; when he walked it seemed he was trying to sit down. So I transferred him to the Q. M. and the day after he came creeping down my Battery street to the supply tent and said to that boy, Belgrano:

"What's the skipper shy on, Sarge?"

"Underclothes!" yelled Belgrano and Negro in unison.

"Get the skipper's car," said the former artilleryman. "They got me and another feller checking a couple of carloads of condemned underwear over in the railroad yards and I'll give you all you want of it."

So the future National Commander helped himself to my car and accepted enough underclothing to balance the books. With an eye single for future losses, he laid in an extra load for good measure, and when I heard the tidings of great joy I sent several auto loads down to a friend who was the supply officer of another regiment in my brigade. He, too, had suffered an underclothing shortage and was very grateful. It beats hell how new soldiers will use their old cotton undershirts for gun wipes instead of turning them in to the supply sergeant for new ones.

YEARS later Negro confessed to me that he and Belgrano had made up a huge shortage on socks by slicing each obsolescent sock in half with a razor blade, tying the halves in bundles and palming them off on the regimental supply officer as whole socks. And that officer was a detective sergeant of the San Francisco police force in civil life!

My supply sergeant, having now completed all the crimes demanded of him, turned honest and has, I think, remained honest to this very day. He was my joy and pride, and so was Private Mario Negro. Out of sheer gratitude I made the latter a corporal. Then the third officers' training camp was being organized and my lieutenant-colonel (a Regular) was made commandant of it. He suggested that I send him of my best and bravest, so, remembering that the boy, Belgrano, had military ambitions, I sent him away from me with a cheer and that gone feeling at

the pit of the stomach. His last act, under my command, was to do a good deed for a friend and fellow criminal. "If the captain will give my chevrons to Corporal Negro," he suggested, "he'll never have to worry about that battery supply office again."

So I took his tip and never looked into the supply tent again, save to make a bluff at an inspection and give Negro the cheer he deserved. In January of 1919, when we demobilized at the Presidio of San Francisco, he came to me, handed me a stack of yellow receipts and said: "Sir, it's all accounted for with the exception of the box stove the captain suggested I lose in Plauzat where the French lady could find it first."

Es verdad, señores. That very excellent lady had given us her very nice house for our battalion mess and she coveted a stove américain. Always the officer and gentleman, I saw that she got it. The comrades will recall that there was no property accountability in France.

NOW I am aware that the National Commander doesn't care for a statistical biography, so I will cover the recital of his services to The American Legion by stating that he got into it in a big way by organizing his own post, Galileo Post, in San Francisco. Galileo Post was recruited among ex-soldiers of Italian or part Italian ancestry. Frank was the first adjutant of the post, and served as commander in 1924. His ancient companion in iniquity, Mario Negro, is also a past commander of the post.

Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., has given of himself to the Legion, not only without regard to his personal affairs and bodily wear and tear, but with that instinct inherited from his father, to wit, that there is no such word as fail if one will but keep on attacking. He went from private to commander-in-chief out here, holding every office, adding to its dignity and efficiency, and under his command the Legion in California achieved the high peak of its membership and activity in constructive civic affairs. And in the midst

of all this work he found time to marry, on May 16, 1922, Miss Evelyn Biddle, of Los Angeles but born in Chicago, and to demonstrate that he is a faithful sort of Fido, because she was the girl I used to give him week-end passes to go and see. And he has fathered three daughters—Margaret and Evelyn, twins, born April 2, 1925, and Carla, born August 8, 1933. And he found time, too, to succeed his father in the bank, upon the death of the latter in 1928, to merge the bank with another, of which he was vice-president and cashier, and then to merge that merger with the Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association, of which he is still a vice-president. But he is no longer a banker. He is president of the Pacific National Fire Insurance Company of San Francisco and vice-president of the Occidental Life Insurance Company of Los Angeles, and both companies, despite the depression, prosper like unto the green bay tree.

Verily, mes camarades, you cannot keep a good man down. He just naturally comes to the top, like the big strawberries in the box, and I, for one, prophesy that under Frank N. Belgrano's leadership The American Legion will go forward in pride and dignity and increased membership and prestige in national affairs, and when this good citizen and true shall have completed his term of service in the spotlight, he will return to us out here and continue to labor in line of file closers, for he is simple, unassuming, kindly and loyal, and these lovable qualities, backed by high intelligence, will, I predict, result in his being drafted for local civic leadership. And when that call comes, he will accept the sacrifice and do a hard job well. Out here we know that if Frank says a thing is so, then it is so and not half way so or something different but supposed to be just as good.

I'm so sorry his father did not live to see what a splendid contribution he made to the land of his adoption, but, thank God, his good mother still sits on the side lines and rejoices.

That's all. The First Sergeant will dismiss the company!

1934 Miami—St. Louis 1935

(Continued from page 53)

data as to mentally and physically handicapped children.

School authorities to use all legal and intelligent efforts to distribute information on social hygiene.

Co-operation of Legion child welfare agencies with public agencies to bring about better care and training for crippled children.

Reaffirmation of the 1933 convention action in support of the enactment of a child labor amendment to the national Constitution.

Reaffirmed support of the program of

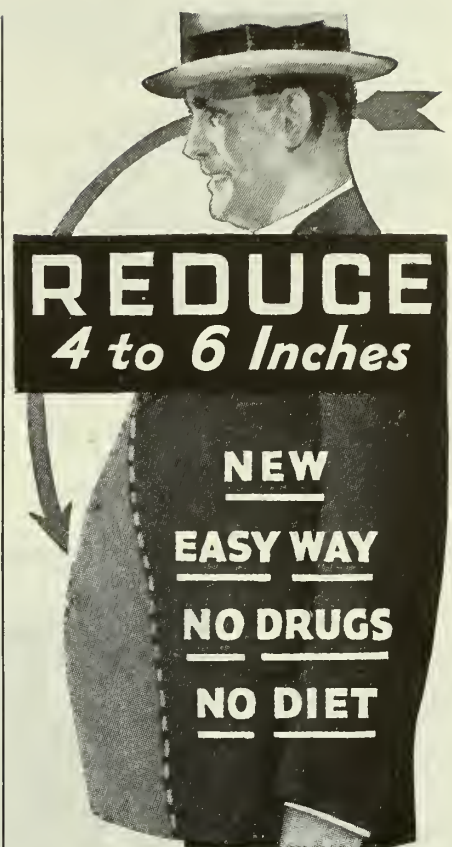
minimum legislation which each Department is asked to obtain in its own State.

Continued study by the Legion's national and department child welfare agencies of welfare and child welfare services now being rendered in the States, with special emphasis on mothers' aid and the legal adoption of minors.

Continuance of surveys in the various States for the purpose of locating children of veterans who are in need of aid.

Legion promotion and extension of kindergartens in co-operation with school authorities

(Continued on page 58)



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1934 Miami—St. Louis 1935

(Continued from page 57)

Indorsement of state campaigns to promote birth registration.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The convention adopted comprehensive recommendations governing the country's general defense policy and the specific needs of the Army, the Navy and the air forces. It affirmed specifically this program:

Continued confidence in the National Defense Act.

The necessity of supply and modernization of equipment for the present strength of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps as of utmost importance.

The need of a Regular Army of 14,000 officers and 165,000 enlisted men.

A National Guard of 210,000 enlisted men with the proper complement of officers, with suitable training provisions.

A reserve corps of 120,000 officers, with a cycle of annual training and training of 30,000 Reserve Corps officers in 1935.

C. M. T. C. camps for at least 50,000 youths each year.

Adequate peace-time supplies and planning for procurement in time of emergencies.

Sufficient appropriations for the conduct of the National Rifle Matches and reasonable supplies of ammunition for civilian rifle clubs.

The principle of universal service in time of war.

The principles of the Clark-Thompson Bill to increase the Regular Army strength by 40,000 enlisted men and 2,000 officers, and as a temporary expedient short enlistments of one year only.

The immediate modernization of our entire military establishment, particularly the motorization of the Regular Army and the National Guard and mechanization of a suitable number of tactical units of the Regular Army.

Uniform retirement laws for the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

Legislation to separate the crook from his gun, preserving at the same time the right of the law-abiding citizen to purchase

and possess weapons in order that he may perfect himself in marksmanship and safe handling of weapons.

A treaty Navy and a sufficient number of officers and enlisted men to man it properly.

Immediate construction of sufficient ships to bring our Navy up to treaty strength.

Immediate increase of regular naval enlisted personnel to 91,400 men, to properly man our present ships and stations, with proportionate increase in officer personnel.

An intensive national publicity campaign on national defense.

REHABILITATION

In addition to the statement of policy, defining the Legion's attitude on the Government's obligations to World War veterans and advocating a universal service law, the convention adopted fifty-five resolutions which call for new laws or regulations, amendments to existing provisions or other action in behalf of the disabled veteran, which include these:

The Administration to provide beds for the care of all insane veterans in suitable localities that will not necessitate undue expense or inconvenience in travel from the homes of veterans.

Hospitalization, medical care and compensation for veterans living abroad, comparable to that provided for residents of the United States.

A survey of colonies or groups of service connected disabled veterans in various localities to determine the necessity or desirability of providing Veterans Administration special service.

Domiciliary facilities for women veterans in the eastern, central and western sections of the United States.

The enactment of the fourth point of the Four Point Program, to provide protection for widows and orphans of deceased World War veterans.

Clarification of the statute of limitations as it affects filing of suits based on War Risk Term Insurance, and other action to simplify adjustment of claims and litigation.

A review of all cases of death in order that all widows and orphans may be advised by the Veterans Administration of their rights under the law.

Prompt issuance of instructions relating to new legislation by the Veterans Administration.

Removal of time limit on proof of dependency by parents of deceased veterans.

Extension to July 2, 1941, of the time limit on marriages, set for the purpose of defining legislative rights of wives and widows.



Past National Commander John R. Quinn headed the Los Angeles delegation which flew to Miami carrying an invitation for the 1936 national convention. Others: E. Snapper Ingram, former head of the 40 & 8; Norman "Pat" Lyon, Dudley Steele and Link Dunn, aviation leaders; Florence Kelley, Past Department President of the Auxiliary, and Lorena Good, Auxiliary National Executive Committee member

Further increases of officers and enlisted men as ships are built to bring the Navy up to treaty strength.

Adequate training periods for the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve and replacement of obsolete Great Lakes training ships with ships more up to date.

Preservation of the Department of Commerce aeronautical section.

Opposition to consolidation of the air services of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in a single department for national defense.

Adequate air defense of the coasts and possessions of the United States.

Organization of National Defense Councils in every town.

Information to be given to all posts concerning their Congressmen's votes on questions of national defense.

Prompt settlement of death claims by the Veterans Administration.

Rescinding of the regulation requiring that doctors' statements be submitted under oath.

Preservation of present Civil Service laws and regulations applying to Veterans Administration employees.

Extension of time limit for presentation of new evidence in claims from six months to one year.

The right to reopen disallowed claims upon presentation of new and material evidence.

Co-operation of The American Legion in the present Congressional investigation of guardianship cases.

Increase of monetary allowances for hospitalized World War veterans.

Decentralization of the activities of the Board of Veterans' appeals.

Acceptance by the Veterans Administration of lay evidence at its proper evidential value.

Burial flags to be obtainable at all U. S. post offices.

Special investigation and study of disability claims of men who served in combat units.

A complete study of the Government's life insurance business and full information on this study to be given to the membership of the Legion.

Decentralization of the system of paying insurance premiums and obtaining insurance loans.

LEGISLATION

In addition to the resolutions on immediate payment of adjusted compensation and the universal service act, the convention adopted the following resolutions relating to legislation other than that for disabled veterans:

Indorsing a bill to give preference in federal employment to veterans of war service, the widows of such veterans, and the wives of disabled veterans who themselves are disqualified.

Providing that the Veterans Administration be given final judgment as to veterans' physical fitness for Civil Service positions.

That Armistice Day be made a national holiday.

Opposition to the proposed publication of the names of veterans receiving compensation.

Exemption of service connected disabled veterans holding mining claims from assessment work which they are unable to perform.

Granting of the right of adjusted compensation to those who held provisional commissions during the period of the World War.

INTERNAL ORGANIZATION

Abolition of the convention registration fee for convention delegates and alternates.

Condemning the practice of any post or Department in awarding any badge or medal or emblem that is in any way similar to or so made as to be mistaken for the official badges, medals and emblems awarded by the War Departments of the various nations, with especial reference to the Croix de Guerre of France.

Providing that the annual elections of squadrons of Sons of The American Legion shall conform with the calendar of election of post officers, and fixing annual dues of the Sons of The American Legion at twenty-five cents per member.

Continuation of public press and radio programs for the purpose of informing the American people of the aims and ideals of The American Legion.

Publication of more news regarding national legislative affairs and other articles concerning the welfare of ex-service men in The American Legion Monthly.

That every effort be made by Departments and posts to give the official poster for 1935 unlimited circulation and display.

Recommending to the National Emblem Division that the location of posts appear upon the official Legion cap.

Rescinding recognition of The American Legion War Nurses society as an integral part of The American Legion.

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

In addition to voting unanimously that the 1935 national convention be held in St. Louis, Missouri, the convention received invitations for the 1936 national convention from Atlantic City, Cleveland and Los Angeles. Representatives of the French and Italian Governments in addresses invited the Legion to hold future conventions in Rome and Paris.

GENERAL RESOLUTIONS

Opposing executive clemency to Grover Cleveland Bergdoll and urging that he be prevented from returning to the United States.

Advocating the prohibition of the employment of aliens upon Federal, State or local governmental projects, and the requirement that service men claiming preference on governmental projects establish their status by exhibiting their service discharges or other similar evidence.

Advocating the establishment of additional Government cemeteries in certain sections of the United States, particularly in sections to which sick and disabled service men go in their quest for recovery.

Advocating legislation to permit waiving of date limitations in a number of cases in which World War decorations have been recommended but not conferred.

Urging that C. C. C. regulations be amended to prevent unfair discrimination on physical grounds against World War veterans.

Requesting prohibition of federal home and farm loans to aliens until such loans have been granted (Continued on page 60)

INSTANT freedom

for your
fingers



while your
hands keep warm

A comfort and joy for all outdoor work and sports, hunting, motoring, etc. A quick "flip" and your fingers are in or out, as desired. Slot in right palm, with snug-fitting flap provides marvelous new utility. Genuine wet-proof SARANAC grain deer (buckskin); wool lined; knitted wrists. Long wear; all-weather comfort. Sizes, large, medium, small.

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FOREIGN RECEPTION Guaranteed
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MOROCCO
HOLLAND
SPAIN
ROMA
AUSTRALIA

1934 Miami—St. Louis 1935

(Continued from page 59)


LET ME HELP you DEVELOP A Winning Drum Corps QUICKLY



IN FIVE EASY STEPS—This free book, bulging with pictures of prize corps, describes in detail how your post can have a playing drum corps in six weeks. My easy Five Step plan is based on years of experience in organizing and training successful corps. A drum corps will bring back attendance and renew interest in all post projects. Send now for free book, "Here They Come", new, with complete information; no obligation. *Wm. F. Ludwig.*

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION October 31, 1934

Assets

Cash, on deposit and on hand.....	\$ 104,862.73
Notes and accounts receivable.....	42,214.28
Inventory, emblem merchandise.....	36,586.41
Invested funds.....	700,406.30
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$608,390.63
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	181,261.51
Improved real estate, Office Bldg. Washington, D. C.....	132,142.65
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	35,096.39
Deferred charges.....	16,853.27
	\$1,857,814.17

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$ 248,006.63
Funds restricted as to use.....	46,773.07
Irrevocable trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	181,261.51
Reserve for investment valuation....	90,204.76
	\$ 566,245.97
Net worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$700,405.30
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus.....	\$122,977.03
Investment valuation surplus.....	\$468,185.87
	\$591,162.90
	\$1,291,568.20
	\$1,857,814.17

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

to all eligible home and farm owners who are American citizens or who have applied for citizenship.

Requesting the National Americanism Commission to consider the subjects of adequate old-age security legislation, adequate unemployment insurance legislation and nation-wide reduction of working hours with adequate wages for work performed.

Reaffirming approval of the Government's efforts to collect the foreign war debts without further extensions or reductions.

Advocating post, county and district meetings on the subject of world peace and international relations, and the preparation of a study pamphlet on these subjects for the furtherance of these meetings.

TUESDAY was the day of the Legion's big parade. The uniformed and costumed hosts from all the Departments marched down Biscayne Boulevard for five hours, while bands and drum corps played, massed flags and Legion banners flapped in the wind, floats proclaimed the history and boasts of many States, French locomotives and box cars rumbled on with clanging bells, shrieking whistles, clouds of smoke.

The American Legion has marched down many a proud thoroughfare. It found Biscayne Boulevard like none it had known before. The palm trees, with their loads of coconut clusters, like an endless guard of honor standing at attention. The shrubbery and bright flowers of Bay Front Park across from the reviewing stand. The floating islands of gray clouds in an ocean-blue sky. The sun that grilled northern faces and necks, until the paraders all began to look like the bronze figures on the Boys of '76 float from Racine, Wisconsin. The ocean wind that blew strongly at the marchers' backs. The half-mile of grandstands along the boulevard in front of the big hotels, and the reviewing stand.

A squadron of Miami motorcycle police chugged by the reviewing stand at 11:45 A.M., and close behind it came Army, Navy and Marine detachments with full equipment, bayonets on rifles, colors flying. Then the Chicago Board of Trade Post's band and its drum corps, the national championship drum corps of Ackroyd Post of Marlboro, Massachusetts, in white shirts, red trousers and black puttees, and the national championship drill team from East Lynn, Massachusetts. After them, the delegations from Italy, France, Alaska, Guam, Canada, Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines and Mexico. Hawaii, headed by a three-year-old girl wearing a lei and a hula skirt of grass and nothing more. The crowd cheered her.

Now the States, headed by Arizona, with color-bearers wearing copper helmets, with a burnished-copper French locomotive which the voyageurs of Bisbee had made themselves in railroad workshops. Nevada, Oklahoma, and then California by the hundreds, with its championship band playing "California, Here I Come." Cuba with rainbow-colored straw hats and red bandanas.

Nebraska with a cowboy who roped spectators as he loped along. Iowa singing the corn song and with yellow corn on the cob. The Des Moines Sons of The American Legion drum corps, ninety strong. New Hampshire, with its championship drum corps in silver helmets, and North Dakota, giving proof by numbers that the rains came not too late.

Jackson Post's famous drum corps heading Mississippi, followed by the hosts from Wisconsin, with the famous Racine Post Drum Corps and Boys of '76 float and Chippewa Legionnaire MaKoonts throwing wooden tomahawks from his canoe atop an automobile. Twelve Tennessee highway police mounted on the motorcycles on which they rode to Miami, and after them the band from Nashville, the drum corps from Memphis, wearing Confederate campaign caps, Chattanooga's drum corps, stirring the crowd to cheers, as it went by in muddy, torn O. D. as if it had just come out of the Argonne. Leavenworth, in the Kansas ranks, blooming with sunflowers.

Indiana with a sweating, rubicund St. Nicholas from the town of Santa Claus, the official state band in green, a marching tableau of blue-uniformed Legionnaires representing the official poster which they displayed, with its legend, "To Uphold and Defend the Constitution." Cheers for this and the Indianapolis Auxiliary's drum corps.

Illinois, also there in force, with sixteen World War nurses in their Legion uniforms, the Chicago Police Post drum corps, the sixty men of Commonwealth-Edison Post drum corps, and Chipilly Post, which has enrolled more wounded men than any other outfit in the country, its drum corps too. The Illinois motorcade, seventy Chevrolets furnished by General Motors as official cars for the delegations of all the States and convention guests.

South Carolina with the Chester French locomotive whistling shrilly. Vermont, comfortably warm, thank you, and Washington, far from home also and able to talk about climate if you want to know. Far-off Maine, ever to be remembered because it marched with a dignified camel, symbol of its bonedryness since 1849.

Louisiana, answering questions about Huey Long. Minnesota with the German band from Winona and the massed flags of its posts. Arkansas, Oregon, the District of Columbia, North Carolina. Pennsylvania, notable for the Tarentum and Uniontown drum corps, cheered enthusiastically by the crowd. Birmingham's

The sun was low as Montana, New Jersey, Virginia, Georgia, Missouri and Maryland passed and the long march of Florida began, a review of all the cities and towns of that State. As a perfect ending, with the sun now low behind the buildings and the sky aglow with the sunset, the hundred white-clad boys of Miami's famous boys' drum and bugle corps passed the reviewing stand playing softly, "My Country 'Tis Of Thee."

Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis, Indiana; Avocat National, Roy L. Pell, Marshalltown, Iowa; Conducteur National, Charles G. Brethauer, St. Louis, Missouri; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Aumonier National, Rev. Fr. William P. Schulte, Detroit, Michigan; Gardes de la Porte Nationaux, James F. Daniel, Greenville, South Carolina, and James Renalde, Denver, Colorado; Drapeau National, Ed Kraus, Fargo, North Dakota.

THE Forty and Eight made its presence known at Miami with its usual successful parade on the first night of the Legion's convention. Biscayne Boulevard was thronged with spectators to witness the turnout of locomotives and box cars and floats which represented thirty-nine Departments. Twenty-five bands and drum corps helped in making the turnout a successful curtain raiser for the Legion parade of the next day.

(Continued from page 23)

But it was a great convention, and I bet Saint Louis will be better even, and surely bigger.

I got \$17.34 saved up for Saint Louis already.

(Continued from page 33)

"There were (Continued on page 62)

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Circulation Manager,
The American Legion Monthly,
P. O. Box 1357,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Seeing America Is Seeing The Legion

(Continued from page 61)

at least six corps in the finals which would have won the championship five years ago by performing as well as they did at Miami," he writes. "Our judging must of necessity become more keen each year in order to detect errors.

"It is interesting to note the new corps which appear in the finals each year. There were three, possibly four, corps in the finals which had never been there before. It is also an interesting fact that four corps in the finals fell in the group of smaller corps—the group of those with fewer than thirty-two instruments.

"Notable is the fact that the Racine (Wisconsin) corps which was our first national championship corps is still in active competition.

"Sportsmanship rises to no greater heights than on the field of the drum corps contest. The entire crowd at Miami was cheering for every corps. Under the rules, each corps had to cross an end-line between the firing of the warning gun and the gun marking the expiration of its time period. Cheers went up as corps after corps hit the line with only a few seconds to spare. The crowd showed little partisanship. It was entranced."

Marlboro, Massachusetts, won the national championship, repeating its victory of the Chicago convention, Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Post corps was second. Henry H. Houston, 2d, Post of Philadelphia was third. The other corps in the finals in order of rating were: Massillon, Ohio; LaPorte, Indiana; Onaida, New York; Corning, California; Tarentum, Pennsylvania; Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Morristown, New Jersey; Racine, Wisconsin, and Chisholm, Minnesota.

The band contest, held in Bay Front Park, was won by the band of Columbus, Ohio, with Chicago's Board of Trade Post Band as runner-up. In order then were:

San Jose, California; Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, and Ralston, Nebraska. Last year's champion, Blatz Post Band of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was unable to be present this year.

Dr. Hawke was impressed by the fine work of the musicians in the individual contests. LaPorte, Indiana, produced the winner of the drum major contest. Joe Hathaway of Board of Trade Post, Chicago, won the snare-drumming contest. P. L. Smith, also of Chicago Board of Trade Post, won the bugling contest.

Two drill teams took part in the special contest which followed the drum corps finals. East Lynn, Massachusetts, held its championship gained last year.

Roll Call

FRANCIS H. BENT is a member of Howell Post of Farmingdale, New Jersey . . . Rupert Hughes belongs to Los Angeles (California) Post, and Peter B. Kyne is a member of Merced (California) Post . . . Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . John J. Noll is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Dan Sowers is a Legionnaire of Greenville (Kentucky) Post . . . John Black is of Joyce Kilmer Post, Brooklyn, New York . . . Frank A. Mathews, Jr., is a past Commander of the New Jersey Department.

W. Lester Stevens belongs to Edwin A. Peterson Post of Rockport, Massachusetts . . . Kenneth F. Camp is a member of Scarsdale (New York) Post . . . Herbert Morton Stoops belongs to Jefferson Feigl First Division Post of New York City . . . Abian A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia . . . V. E. Pyles is a member of 107th Infantry Post of New York City.

PHILIP VON BLON

LAST CALL FOR ADJUSTED COMPENSATION APPLICATIONS

JANUARY 2, 1935, is the deadline for adjusted compensation applications by World War veterans and dependents of deceased men who have not already received their adjusted service certificates or the payments to which they are entitled. It is estimated that 200,000 eligible service men have not yet obtained their certificates. Those who have not applied are urged to apply immediately, using the official application form, W. W. C.,

No. 1, which is obtainable from Legion post service officers or other officials or from the nearest Regional Office or Facility of the Veterans Administration. This form is for the use of men who served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps and by dependents of deceased men who had not obtained certificates before death. Applications when filled out properly must be filed with War or Navy Department on or before January 2, 1935.

Behind The Diary Entry

(Continued from page 1)

of road led us to think that he didn't like our working on the highway any more than we did.

But the end was at last in sight. The Commanding General of the United States Forces in France, in person, was to inspect us. This could mean only one thing. We would shortly be homeward bound.

Monday morning we piled out of the cow stalls, harness rooms and goat pens which formed our happy domiciles in Raincourt. We were slicked and polished to the last degree. Our 155's gleamed and glistened.

The weather did not match our spirits. A gray sky shed frequent gusty tears—our neat uniforms became moist and wrinkled. Our packs grew heavy.

In due time, however, we reached our designated location—a spot just a few kilometers outside of Melay. We were ordered to fall out by the side of the road.

Many times during the afternoon we were brought out to stand hopefully in column. And as often we would receive word to fall out.

Finally, about six o'clock, we were ordered to fall in, for the forty-eighth time. Far down the road we saw a group of officers. General Pershing was coming at last!

We stood stiffly at attention. As he neared the head of our Battery, he paused for our colonel and the brigadier to puff up. His sharp eyes shot critically along the rigid ranks and he turned to the colonel. Our ears strained to catch the expected words of praise.

"A scurvy-looking lot of men, Colonel," was the Commander-in-chief's terse remark.

Imagine our mortification! We had spent plenty of time polishing and primping for this inspection—only to be called "scurvy-looking" by the highest officer in the American Army. We stood like wooden soldiers as he strode down the column.

As soon as General Pershing passed on our captain swung around. For an officer

whose men had just been called "scurvy-looking," he seemed almighty cheerful.

"At ease," he barked. As the tense ranks relaxed, he continued, "Men, I just want to let you know how pleased I am. It really meant a lot to me to hear General Pershing call you a sturdy-looking outfit."

What was this? A "sturdy-looking" outfit. Why, of course. It couldn't have been anything else. The first American soldier had called us "sturdy-looking." Well, we weren't much surprised. But when the heck were we to eat?

We learned shortly. The captain pointed out that we were about a two-hours' march from our billets—if that march were made in regulation marching time. However, if we wished to make a forced march, we could reach home in about an hour and a half, or possibly less. It was up to us.

With the general's fulsome praise (as translated by our captain) still ringing in our ears we showed no better sense than a lot of dumb rookies. We vociferously decided in favor of a forced march.

That march was made with no rests and at a pace closely akin to double time. I think we would have shamed the French Foreign Legion that night—if nearly a quarter of the Battery hadn't dropped out before we reached Raincourt. It became a comparatively common sight to see a man stagger a few steps, then reel out of the column and, with a clatter of equipment, collapse in the ditch. When we were dismissed, after reaching Raincourt, we went to our billets and fell on our bunks without troubling to remove our packs.

Less than fifteen minutes after we were dismissed mess call sounded. Only then did we struggle out of our packs and wander to the mess hall.

What a meal that was! The cooks had done themselves proud during the long time we had waited for General Pershing to inspect us.

We sat down with our mouths watering. With the second mouthful our ravishment disappeared. *We were too tired to eat.*

Out of The Trenches by Christmas

(Continued from page 36)

"In the party that came in with the General was Colonel House. They came up to the commissary counter and General Bliss asked for rubber boots. The clerk asked him his size and the General told him. The clerk produced the boots.

"General Bliss asked if he could try them on. The clerk replied, 'All we do is sell them, but if you will come into the sergeant's office there is a chair.' He came into the office. I was writing at my desk. He then asked the clerk if he could help

him put on the boots. If ever you saw a sneer on a soldier's face!

"General Bliss removed his coat and the clerk, with an oath under his breath, helped him with the boots. When he arose and saw that constellation of stars on the General's shoulder, he almost fainted. General Bliss said, 'You are never frightened when you see a lot of stars in the heavens at home, so do not allow these stars to frighten you, my friend.' The clerk (Continued on page 64)

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Name

Address

Town State.....

Out of The Trenches by Christmas

(Continued from page 63)

replied, 'Maybe so, but the stars at home do not have as much authority.'

REUNIONS are in order the year round, though summer and fall are apparently the favorite seasons. Each year finds more outfits meeting with the Legion. The convention this year will be held in St. Louis, September 23d to 26th.

Advise the Company Clerk of your plans; he will be glad to publish announcement. The persons listed below can give you full information about these activities:

4TH DIV.—Annual New England reunion, Boston, Mass., Jan. 19. 4th Div. Assoc. of New England, 100 Summer st., Boston.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual national reunion and convention, Washington, D. C., July 12-14. Send name, address and outfit to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C., for free copy *Rainbow Renville*.

104TH U. S. INF., A. E. F.—16th annual reunion, Athol, Mass., Apr. 26-27. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

308TH INF., 77TH DIV.—Reunion dinner, Governor Clinton Hotel, New York City, Sat., Feb. 23. J. Steinhardt, treas., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

M. G. VETS. ASSOC., 108TH INF.—11th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sat., Mar. 30. James A. Edwards, 166 Cleveland av., Buffalo.

334TH F. A. BAND—Proposed reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 23-26. Leland T. Bugg, Fulton, Ky.

124TH F. A., BTRY. A.—Annual banquet, Springfield, Ill., Sat., Jan. 12. Clarence Lercher, Lincoln's Tomb, Springfield.

4TH ENGR. ASSOC. OF THE NORTHWEST—Annual banquet, Portland, Ore., Sat., Mar. 9. Walter B. Nagel, secy., 317 City Hall, Portland.

13TH ENGRS., RY.—6th annual reunion, Memphis, Tenn., June 22-23. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

267TH AERO SQDRN., CHANUTE FIELD AND A. E. F.—Proposed reunion, 1935. James R. Boers, 352 N. Hickory st., Champaign, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in conjunction with Legion national convention, Sept. 23-26. Harry S. Resing, comdgr. offer, 233 S. Milwood st., Wichita, Kans., and Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offer., Kempton, Ind.

NATL. TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Baraboo, Wisc., Feb. 5. Paul L. Stewart, secy., 132-3d st., Baraboo.

U. S. S. Des Moines—Proposed reunion of all veterans of crew, 1917-19. Vandum J. Abbott, Q. M. 2c., 4 Park st., Brandon, Vt.

BASE HOSP. NO. 3, A. E. F.—Annual reunion, reception, dinner, entertainment and dance, New York City, Feb. 6. Bella Trachtenberg, secy., Mount Sinai Hosp., New York City.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

23D INF., Co. H, and 49TH INF., Co. H—Pvt. John D. Mays, former outfit, and 1st Sgt. James J. Devenney, latter, to assist Charles L. ARMSTRONG.

59TH CO., 5TH REG'—U. S. MARINES—Comrades who recall Pvt. John J. BAIRD, Jr., being hit on shoulder by cargo hamper during unloading of *Gulfport* and *Kittery*, Apr. 27 or 28, 1918, at Santiago, Cuba.

816TH PIONEER INF., Co. G—Med who recall Richard ATKINSON, cook, being treated for tonsillitis aboard ship going overseas, Sept., 1918, and resulting arthritis and heart trouble.

C-2D DEVELOPMENT CO., 161ST DEP. BRGD.—Joe GRIFFITH, Frank WIGWAG, George LANCASTER and others who recall Casreal FOSTER, colored, suffering disability at Camp Grant, Ill.

2D ENGRS., Co. A, 2D DIV.—Men who recall Charles BACHELONA being injured at Chateau-Thierry, July 5, 1918, and being sent to Base Hosp. 42 at Blois, France.

Hq. Co., 67th C. A. C., Fradce—John A. FERGUSON, Lee DAVIS, James MUSIC and others who knew William D. FRAZIER; also Herman PAULI and Alled TOWLAND, 95th Co., C. A. C., Ft. Mills, P. I., 1915-16, who knew same man.

28TH INF., Co. A, 1ST DIV.—Comrades who recall Willis BARTLETT being wounded in action near Cantigny, June or July, 1918.

806TH PIONEER INF., Co. I—Comrades who remember Hiram BEANE, bugler.

19TH F. A., SUP. Co.—Comrades who remember stomach trouble or other disability suffered by Arthur R. BUEHNER, wagoner, now deceased, to assist widow.

MUNSTER 3 Camp, Germany—Corporal Fred PARKER, captured American soldier, who recalls fellow prisoner, George S. GIBSON, Canadian soldier captured at Mount Sorrel, June 2, 1916, to assist with claim for Canadian pension.

STAVEN, LaViere, age 14, 5 ft. 7 in., 140 lbs., gray sweater, blue overalls, tennis shoes, baseball cap, son of Legionnaire Reinhard R. Staven, missing from Waukesha, Wisc., since Sept. 15, 1934. Was member of Legion Junior Baseball team.

GRAY, Mrs. James McKinley, née Miss Glenn Moore, formerly employed by Dr. Curtis LEE of Oklahoma City, Okla. Married while veteran, GRAY, was patient in government hospital in Oklahoma City. Gray died in 1921, buried in Sewickley, Pa. Information regarding widow required in connection with claims of destitute mother.

370TH AERO SQDRN., A. E. F.—Comrades who recall Dagfin HAGEN being hospitalized for lung trouble at Snarehill Camp Hospital near Thetford, England, spring of 1918.

HALFORD, Thomas B.—Med who saw him struck on head with shrapnel during St. Mihiel drive, Sept., 1918.

CONNOR, Frank J., veteran of Navy, stationed at Cape May and Gloucester, N. J., age 39, 140 lbs., 6 ft., left home June 19, 1934, wearing dark oxford suit, brown shoes, brown soft hat. Missing. Mother dangerously ill.

137TH INF., Co. I, 35TH DIV.—Capt. Pearl C. PICARD (or RICARD), 2d Lt. McDONALD, Sgt. Tom CABLE, Cpl. Charles E. MORTIMER, John HARRY, Kline MEREDITH or others who recall disability of Wilburn P. HARRIS at Menil-aux-Bois, 1918, following meningitis.

HOFFMAN, Eugene L. (colored), ex-pvt. 1st cl., Co. A, 807th Pioneer Inf. Missing two years. Last heard from two years ago when working as railroad station porter, Washington, D. C.

164TH DEP. BRGD., 51ST CO., Camp Funston, Kans.—Henry KEEFNER (or name similar) of southern Missouri, who was in "heart class" with Elmer Austin Hoover and went with him on leave to Beatrice, Neb., July, 1918.

313TH M. G. BN., Co. H—Capt. Earl HUN (or HUNT) was last heard from on Aug. 26, 1918, before sailing for overseas from Fort Monroe, Va. Information wanted regarding his fate or present whereabouts.

KENTISH, Charles Alfred, age 53, enlisted from Boston, Mass., served with Co. M, 23d Engrs. Last heard from in Cambridge, Mass., 1919. Wife wants information.

U. S. S. Panther—Joseph BAUER, Emory J. BRENNAN, Herbert W. CARRUTHERS, Harry HANSEN, Henry M. KANS, Albert M. McCUE and others who recall Charles L. MACDONALD collapsing with flu while working on air compressors.

355TH INF., Co. C, Camp Funston—Former comrades of Earl M. MCINTIRE, who committed suicide Dec. 23, 1919. Aid needed by father.

31ST INF., Co. F, and 27TH INF., Co. F—Men who recall Gus NEWMAN being hospitalized, account stomach trouble; also while in Siberia with latter outfit assisting set up bakery shop, large box fell on him, fracturing several ribs. At Starbrowk, Siberia, cooked for doctors and Maj. SCUDLER.

318TH F. A.—2d Lt. JACKSON W. SHUFF, who was in base hosp., Ft. Lee, Va., June-July, 1919; also 1st Lt. Frank C. KENNEDY who served with L. C. PEARCE in Q. M. C. at Nevers Depot, 1917-18. To assist PEARCE.

9TH INF., Co. A, 2d DIV.—Joseph GILELLA, Lawrence KIRKLAND, Salvatore BERRETTA, Mike DAVIS and others who recall Pasquale PICOLLO having had fainting spells and lapse of consciousness, Oct., 1918, to Aug., 1919.

U. S. NAV. TRNG. STA., SAN FRANCISCO—Ex-phar. mate Edward John GEHAN, ex-hosp. appr. Howard Leonard ALTENREID and others who recall Ralph R. REED.

U. S. N. CLEARING HOUSE DEPOT, Quebec, Canada—Hospital apprentice who recalls rubbing back of Merritt ROBERTS, suffering with influenza and rheumatism. Apprentice shipped out for Queenstown, Ireland, while Roberts was in convalescence ward.

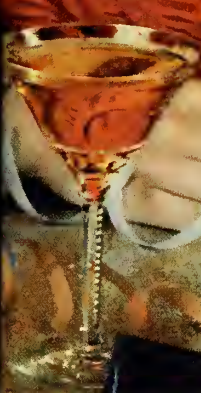
51ST M. G. BN., 6TH DIV.—Men who recall Minyard SALYER being sent from train to hospital at Camp Sherman, Ohio, while en route to Camp Taylor for discharge. Also doctor who made examinations and called ambulance, June 20, 1919.

13TH F. A., BTRY, B, 4TH DIV.—Men who recall Cpl. Leslie S. TRACY in A. E. F.

CAMP TRAVIS and CAMP STANLEY, Tex.—Sgt. Horace THOMPSON, who picked up Otis A. WOODROME, who was injured while going to Lewis ranch to water horses and helped put him in ambulance. Woodrome later took squad of men to infirmary and had jaw broken.

NODLER, Mrs. Alphonse (or A. C.), who was married to A. C. NODLER previous to June 16, 1926; also any other persons of this name living in Ohio or California. Information wanted regarding this family in connection with claim of widow of Bertram K. OSTERHELDT, veteran of Spanish-American and World Wars.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



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